

# P O E M S

BY

Mr. *THOMAS BLACKLOCK.* *A*

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To which is Prefix'd,

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE, CHARACTER,  
and WRITINGS, of the AUTHOR,

By the Reverend Mr. *SPENCE*,  
Late Professor of POETRY, at *Oxford.*

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The SECOND EDITION.

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An Account of the Life, Character,  
and Writings of the Author,

By the Rev. Mr. James  
Blacklock, of Glasgow.



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An Account of the Author's  
longer account of him, (for that is not necessary,) but one



AN  
ACCOUNT\*  
OF THE  
LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS  
OF  
The AUTHOR.  
SECT. I.



IN the former edition of this little narrative, I complained of want of lights in relation to the person who is the subject of it; but at present, there is no occasion for my repeating that complaint: I have since been favour'd not only with several letters, but with a kind visit from him, of some weeks, when I was in the north of *England*; which will enable me to give not indeed a much

\* By the reverend Mr. *Spence*; late professor of poetry, in the University of *Oxford*.



## ii      An Account of the AUTHOR'S

longer account of him, (for that is not necessary), but one much less defective than my former.

Mr. *Thomas Blacklock* was born in the year 1721, at *Annan*, in *Scotland*; but of *English* parents; for both his father and mother were natives of the county of \* *Cumberland*. Before he was six months old, he was totally depriv'd of his eyesight by the small-pox. His father (who, by all the accounts of him, was a very good man) had intended to breed him up to his own, or some other trade: But as this misfortune render'd him incapable of any, all that this worthy parent could do, was to shew the utmost care and attention that he was able toward him, in so unfortunate a situation; and this goodness of his has left so strong an impression on the mind of his son, that he speaks of it with the greatest warmth of gratitude and affection. What was wanting to this poor youth from the loss of his sight, and the narrowness of his fortune, seems to have been repaid him in the goodness of his heart, and the capacities of his mind. It was very early, that he shew'd a strong inclination toward poetry, in particular. His father, and a few of his other friends, used sometimes to read, to divert him: They began with such books as are generally read by children under ten years old, for their diversion; and when he was turn'd of that age, the works of *Allan Ramsay*, *Prior's Poems*, and the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, were added to his amusements. In these he took a great deal of delight; and by degrees got

\* His paternal ancestors have lived in that county from time immemorial. They generally followed agriculture; and were distinguished for a knowledge and humanity above their sphere. His father was an honest and worthy tradesman; had been in good circumstances, but was reduced by a series of misfortunes. His mother was daughter of Mr. *Richard Rae*, an extensive dealer in cattle, a considerable business in that county; and was equally esteemed as a man of fortune and importance.

acquainted



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. iii

acquainted with the works of most of our best poets: Among whom, *Milton* and *Spenser*, *Pope* and *Addison*, were his chief favourites; but the two former in a much higher degree than the two latter. Poetry he always heard not only with uncommon pleasure, but with a sort of congenial enthusiasm; and from loving and admiring the works of the poets so much, he soon began to endeavour to imitate them. The first effusions of his thoughts, in a poetical way, consisted either in complaints on the difficulties and distresses of his situation, or expressions of esteem, gratitude, and tenderness, for his friends; or a sort of extempore descriptions of any humorous incident which happened in the neighbourhood. Most of these are lost, and there is only one of them which is inserted among the following poems. It was composed when he was but twelve years old; and has something very pretty in the turn of it; and very promising for one of so tender an age.

PROVIDENCE was so kind as to indulge him in the assistance of his father, till he was nineteen; when that good man was snatch'd from him, by a sudden \* and violent death. As this misfortune necessitated his falling into more hands than he had ever before been used to, it was from that time that he began by degrees to be somewhat more talk'd of; and his extraordinary talents more known. It was about a year after, that he was sent for to *Edinburgh*, by Dr. *Stevenson*, a man of taste, and one of the physicians in that city; who had the goodness to supply him with every thing necessary for his living, and studying, in the university there.

\* Mr. *Blacklock's* father was a bricklayer; and being informed that a kiln belonging to a son-in-law of his was giving way, his solicitude for his interest made him venture in, below the ribs, to see where the failure lay; when, the principal beam coming down upon him, with eighty bushels of malt, which were upon the kiln at that time, he was in one moment crush'd to death.



Mr. *Blacklock* regarded this gentleman as his *Mecænas*; and the poem placed at the entrance to his works, is a gratitude-piece, address'd to him; in imitation of the first ode of *Horace*, to that great patron.

He had got some rudiments of *Latin* in his youth, but could not easily read a *Latin* author till he was near twenty: when Dr. *Stevenson* put him to a grammar-school in *Edinburgh*. He afterwards studied in that university; where he not only perfected himself in *Latin*, but has also gone thro' all the best *Greek* authors, with a very lively pleasure. He is quite a master too of the *French* language, which he acquired in a very agreeable manner; I mean by an intimate acquaintance, and conversing very much, in so polite and good-natur'd a family as that of Mr. Provost *Alexander*, whose lady was a *Parisian*.

AFTER he had followed his studies at *Edinburgh* for four years, he retired from thence into the country, on the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1745: and it was during this recess, that he was prevailed on by some of his friends to publish a little collection of his poems, at *Glasgow*. When that tempest was blown over, and the calm entirely restor'd, he returned again to the university of *Edinburgh*; and has pursued his studies there for six years more. The second edition of his poems was publish'd by him there, in the beginning of the present year, very much improved, and enlarged: And they might have been much more numerous than they are, had not Mr. *Blacklock* shown a great deal more niceness and delicacy than is usual: and kept several pieces from the press for reasons that seem'd much stronger to himself, than they did to his friends; some of whom were concerned at his excess of scrupulousness; and much wished not to have had him



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. V

him deprived of so much more reputation, nor the world of so many poetical beauties as (they say) abounded in them.

BESIDES his having attained such a mastery in the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* \* languages, he is a very good philosopher, and

\* Mr. *Blacklock* has not only a particular happiness in acquiring languages, but also in teaching them. There is a remarkable instance of this in *Richard Hewitt*, a boy whom he had taken to lead him. As he found the lad to be of a good turn, and inclinable to learn, he attempted to make him a scholar; and succeeded so well as to teach him *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; and to give him a taste for the sciences. He even communicated to him some share of his poetical vein. The lad bore his master a great affection; and it was with some difficulty he was persuaded to leave him, to enter into Lord *Milton's* service; whose secretary he now is. Soon after his leaving Mr. *Blacklock*, he addressed a copy of verses to him; which, as it shews his gratitude to his instructor, and how well he succeeded under his care, may very well deserve to be inserted in this note.

### TO MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

To fame and to the muse unknown

Where arts and science never shone,

(a) A hamlet stands secure:

Her rustic sons, to toil inur'd,

By blooming health and gain allur'd,

Their grateful soil manure.

What means my heart!---'Tis nature's pow'r:

Yes, here I date my natal hour,

My bursting heart would say:

Here sleep the swains from whom I sprung,

Whose conscience fell remorse ne'er stung;

For nature led their way.

Simplicity, unstain'd with crimes,

(A gem how rare in modern times;)

(a) *Rockliffe*, a little country village near *Carlisle*, in the county of *Cumberland*.

Was



## vi An Account of the AUTHOR'S

and in general, possesses all the branches of erudition, except the mathematics.

He has a quick apprehension, and a very tenacious memory; which, together with his industry, may account for

Was all from them I bore:

No sounding titles swell'd my pride;

My heart to misery ne'er was ty'd,

By heaps of shining ore.

Heedless of wealth, of power, of fame;

Heedless of each ambitious aim,

Here flow'd my boyish years.

How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;

Whistled, or sung some fair (a) distress,

Whose fate would steal my tears!

Thus rude, unpolish'd, unrefin'd;

While, plung'd in darkest night, my mind

Uncultivated lay;

With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;

My way to light, to reason shew'd;

And op'd the source of day:

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;

Your skill, your matchless goodness taught,

Where truth and bliss to find:

Painted, by thee, in all her charms,

Each gen'rous heart fair virtue warms,

And swells the ravish'd mind.

Hail bright celestial, all divine!

O come! inspire this breast of mine

With all thy heav'nly pow'r:

Lead, lead me to thy happiness;

Point out thy path to that blest place,

Where grief shall be no more.

RICHARD HEWITT.

(a) Alluding to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

his



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. vii

his other acquisitions ; but his arriving so far towards an excellence in poetry, and that too in descriptive poetry ; tho' his chief inlets for poetical ideas are totally barr'd up, and all the visible beauties of the creation have been long since blotted out of his mind, is the surprising part of his character. How far he has contrived, by the uncommon force of his genius, to compensate for this vast defect ; with what elegance and harmony he often writes ; with how much propriety, how much sense, and how much emotion ; are things as easy to be perceived in reading his poems, as they would perhaps be difficult to be fully and clearly accounted for, even by himself.

### S E C T. II.

#### *Of his Moral Character.*

ALL Mr. *Blacklock's* acquaintance agree in speaking of his many virtues, in the highest strain ; of his humanity, and sweetness of temper ; his patience, under all misfortunes ; his industry and application, in acquiring so many embellishments of his mind ; and of his retaining, after all these acquisitions, the greatest modesty and humility ; together with the strictest love of virtue, and a mere primitive simplicity of manners.

INDEED, the goodness of his heart is very visible in the general colouring of his works ; and breaks out, here and there, in almost every one of his particular poems. It is so strong as even to get the better of that gloom, which is but too apt to attend the studious and the sedentary ; and to shine through those very clouds that threaten the most to suppress and intercept it.

AMONG



## viii An Account of the AUTHOR'S

AMONG his particular virtues, one of the first to be admired is this ease and contentedness of his mind, under so many circumstances, any one almost of which might be thought capable of depressing it. Considering the meanness of his birth; the lowness of his situation; the disagreeableness (at least, as he himself speaks of it), of his person; the narrowness and difficulties of his fortune; and, above all, his so early loss of sight, and his incapacity from thence of any way relieving himself under all these burdens; it may be reckoned no small degree of virtue in him, even not to be generally dispirited and complaining.

EACH of these humiliating circumstances \* he speaks of, in some part or other of his poems; but what he dwells upon with

I.

\* Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born. p. 100. l. 38.

2.

A barren fortune, and a hopeless love. p. 96. l. 90.

Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd. p. 50. l. 80.

3.

What tho' no native charms my person grace? p. 100. l. 45.

And in his ludicrous poem:

Straight is my person, but of little size;

Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes: &c. p. 191. l. 14.

And speaking of both these, and his blindness together, he says,

Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,

To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out

With idiot grin: the supercilious eye,

Oft from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,

On my obscurity diverts it's gaze

Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,

Felicitates its own superior lot:

Inhuman



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. ix

with the most lasting cast of melancholy, is his loss of sight; which, in one place carries him on in a deploring stile, for  
above

Inhuman Triumph!——

Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,

By conscious want inspir'd; th' unpity'd pang

Of love, and friendship slighted.——

p. 157.

4.

——Nor can these useless hands,

Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,

Nourish this wretched being; and supply

Frail nature's wants; that short cessation know.

p. 158.

5.

From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,

And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

p. 172.

And in his melancholy poem; in a passage which, tho' so long, is poetical enough to deserve transcribing;

For, oh!-- while others gaze on nature's face,

The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams;

Or with delight ineffable survey

The sun, bright image of his parent God:

The seasons, in majestic order, round

This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,

Profuse of life and joy; summer adorn'd

With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth:

Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,

To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand

With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame,

Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,

Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, lost in joy,

Fair order and utility behold:



## x An Account of the AUTHOR'S

above fifty lines together. But, at the same time, it ought to be considered, that this is in a piece written soon after his father's death, and when his spirits were particularly de-

Or unfatigu'd th' amazing chain pursue,  
Which in one vast all-comprehending whole  
Unites th' immense stupendous works of God;  
Conjoining part with part, and thro' the frame  
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:  
To me, those fair vicissitudes are lost;  
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.  
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,  
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd spring,  
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth  
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand  
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:  
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch  
Of heav'n, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.

O beauty, harmony! you sister train  
Of graces, you who in th' admiring eye  
Of God your charms display'd ere yet transcrib'd  
On nature's form your heavenly features shone,  
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight!  
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse  
Of undistinguish'd Horror covers all.  
Wide, o'er my prospect, rueful darkness breathes  
Her inauspicious vapour: in whose shade  
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,  
In social sadness gloomy vigils keep.  
With them I walk; with them still doom'd to share  
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.

P. 155--157.

press'd



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xi

press'd by an incident that \* very nearly threatned his own life; from which he had but just escap'd, with a great deal of difficulty; and with all the terrors of so great a danger, and the dejection occasioned by them, just fresh upon his mind.

It is in the same melancholy Poem, that he expresses his dread of falling into extreme want; in the following very strong, and moving manner:

Dejecting prospect!—Soon the hapless hour  
May come--- perhaps, this moment it impends!—  
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,  
Naked, and beat by all the storms of heav'n;  
Friendless, and guideless, to explore my way:  
Till, on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head  
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast  
Respite I beg; and, in the shock, expire. p. 159.

THESE, alas! are fears, that he has often had but too much reason to entertain. However, his good sense and religion have enabled him to get the better of them, and of all his other calamities, in his calmer hours; and indeed, in this very poem (which is the most gloomy of any he has written), he seems to have a gleam of light † fall in upon his mind; and

† As yet my soul ne'er felt th' oppressive weight  
Of Indigence, unaided: swift redress,  
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd;  
And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest'd:  
Tho' o'er the future series of my fate  
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign

\* See the beginning of his Soliloquy, p. 153.



## xii    An Account of the AUTHOR'S I

and recovers himself enough to express his hopes that the care of Providence, which has hitherto always protected him, will again interfere; and dissipate the clouds that were gathering over him.

TOWARDS the close of the same piece, he shews not only that he is satisfied with his own condition \*, but that he can discover

To blend their baleful fire; oft while the sun  
Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n  
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,  
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,  
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang  
Portending tempest: till the source of day  
Again asserts the empire of the sky;  
And o'er the blotted scene of nature throws  
A keener splendor. So perhaps that care,  
Thro' all creation felt, but most by man,  
(Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh  
Of modest want), may dissipate my fears;  
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.

Poems, p. 161:

\* What then! because th' indulgent Sire of all  
Has in the plan of things prescrib'd my sphere,  
Because consummate wisdom thought not fit  
In affluence and pomp to bid me shine,  
Shall I regret my destiny? and curse  
That state by heav'n's paternal care design'd  
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,  
These ages measur'd by the orbs of heaven  
In blank annihilation fade away?  
For scenes, where finish'd by Almighty art  
Beauty and order open to the sight  
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays

Out-



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xiii

discover some very great blessings in it; and through the general course of his other poems, one may discern such a justness of thinking about the things of this world, and such an easy and contented turn of mind, as is every way becoming a good christian and a good philosopher. To be a little more particular:

He finds out some benefit, or other, to set against \* every one of his misfortunes.

He  
Out-flash the splendor of our mid-day sun.  
Say, shall the source of all, who first assign'd  
To each constituent of this wond'rous frame  
Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,  
With due degrees of weakness (whence results  
Concord ineffable), shall he reverse  
Or disconcert the universal scheme,  
The general good, to flatter selfish pride  
And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice  
From non-existence call'd me into life,  
What claim had I to being? What to shine  
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb  
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,  
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?

p. 162.

\* What tho' no sounding names my race adorn,  
Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born?  
With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread;  
Whilst endless tempests beat the mountain's head.  
What tho' by fate no riches are my share?  
Riches are parents of eternal care:  
While in the lowly hut, and silent grove,  
Content plays smiling with her sister love.

What



#### xiv An Account of the AUTHOR'S

He shews the utmost detestation \* of avarice; and is so far from dreading poverty, that he makes it part † of his wish.

What tho' no native charms my person grace;

Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face?

The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,

While flocks and brambles yield a safe repast.

p. 100.

Even as to his blindness, he comforts himself by a comparative consideration of other beings inferior to man; who, though they enjoy the benefit of sight, are insensible (as he supposes) of the pleasures of music, knowledge, conversation, and universal benevolence (p. 161). Under the notion of music, he comprehends that of poetry; and this seems to be a favourite idea with him, for he repeats it, on a like occasion, in his poem to a young gentleman bound for *Guinea*. p. 53.

\* In his hymn to benevolence, he thus addresses himself to that source of all virtues:

O come, and o'er my bosom reign,

Expand my heart, inflame each vein;

Through ev'ry action shine:

Each low, each selfish wish controul;

With all thy essence warm my soul,

And make me wholly thine!

Nor let fair virtue's mortal bane,

The soul-contracting thirst of gain,

My faintest wishes sway:

By her possess'd ere hearts refine,

In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine

And kindle endless day.

p. 27.

† See the three first stanzas in his poem under that name. p. 128.

He



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xv

He seems to have no earnest desires for any thing, except \* knowlege, and a † moderate share of fame; nor to

\* ——— The sacred fane  
Of knowlege, scarce accessible to me,  
With heart-consuming anguish I behold:  
Knowlege, for which my soul insatiate burns  
With ardent thirst ———

p. 157.

And, a little after:

Perhaps, enlivening hope! perhaps my soul,  
May drink at wisdom's fountain; and allay  
Her unextinguish'd ardor in the stream!

p. 162.

It is from the same passion, that he has long'd so vehemently to be acquainted with the most eminent persons of his times; or, as I should rather have said, with the chief of them all, Mr. Pope. Though what he says of his longing for knowlege, is so very strongly express'd; this still exceeds it. He says, that he long'd for it more than for any thing upon earth; even, than for the restoration of his eye-sight. See p. 158.

† My humbler function shall I name,  
My sole delight, my highest aim?  
Inspir'd thro' breezy shades to stray.  
Where choral nymphs and graces play;  
Above th' unthinking herd to soar,  
Who sink forgot and are no more:  
To snatch from fate an honest fame,  
Is all I hope, and all I claim.

p. 4.

But this desire of fame, is only for a moderate share of it; as appears from what he says in another place:

Pray'd I, that fame shou'd bear my name on high,  
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving sky?

p. 142.

feel



## xvi An Account of the AUTHOR'S

feel the want of any power, except \* that of doing good.

He is very open, in owning his own † faults; and as honest, in speaking of his own ‡ virtues. Innocence, he thinks, ought to be bold; || and with him vice is the only thing

\* ——— Hence the tear

Of impotent compassion; when the voice  
Of pain by others felt, quick smites my heart;  
And rouses all it's tenderness, in vain!

P. 157.

† Like all mankind, with vanity I'm blest;  
Conscious of wit, I never yet possess'd:  
To strong desires my heart an easy prey  
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway:  
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;  
The next, I wonder why I should do so.

p. 93.

‡ Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye;  
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lye:  
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;  
Nor shew my wit at God's, nor man's expence:  
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;  
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none:  
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;  
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe:  
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;  
The bad I pity, and the good admire,

p. 193.

|| When raving in eternal pains  
And loaded with ten thousand chains,  
Vice deep in Phlegethon yet lay  
Nor with her visage blasted day,



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xvii

thing that should be able to make a man dastardly and fearful.

It must have been this boldness of innocence alone, which could enable a man of such a character as all his friends agree in giving him, to make so solemn \* an appeal to Heaven, about the past course of his life; or so strong a wish against himself †, if he should ever desert virtue in the remaining part of it.

No fear to guiltless man was known;

For God and virtue reign'd alone:

But when from native flames and night

The cursed monster wing'd her flight;

Pale fear among her hideous train,

Chas'd sweet contentment from her reign:

Banish'd from day her dear delight;

And shook, with conscious starts, the night.

P. 30.

\* Behold, O God! behold me stand,

And to thy strict regard disclose

Whate'er was acted by my hand;

Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose:

If Vice indulg'd their candor stain,

Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

P. 22.

† This is in Hymn to Benevolence; as addressing which, he says:

If from thy sacred paths I turn;

Nor feel their griefs while others mourn,

Nor with their pleasures glow:

Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,

My own tormentor let me be;

And groan in hopeless woe.

p. 28.



## xviii An Account of the AUTHOR'S

THERE is either an uncommon warmth, or tenderness, in his ideas of all the nearer connexions in life. His extreme gratitude and affection for his father has been mentioned already; and he shews due proportions of the same †, in speaking of other relations and friends.

INDEED he is so far from being ‡ any man's enemy, that he extends his brotherly || regards to all mankind. His benevolence is \* universal; he always speaks of that great source of virtue, as the greatest source too of § happiness

† His Ode to a friend bound for Guinea, the Monody, and the Elegy to Constantia, in particular, abound with proofs of his tenderness and affection for his friends.

‡ There seems to be much honesty in his answer to a gentleman, who ask'd his sentiments of him:

Dear Fabius, me if well you know,  
You ne'er will take me for your foe:  
If right yourself you comprehend,  
You ne'er will take me for your friend. p. 195.

|| For this has heaven to virtue's glorious stage  
Call'd me; and plac'd the garland in my view,  
The wreath of conquest. Basely to desert,  
The part assign'd me; and with dastard fear  
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,  
To shrink into the bosom of the grave;—  
How then is gratitude's vast debt repaid?  
Where all the tender offices of love  
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart  
Each blessing it communicates enjoys? p. 164, 165.

\* See p. 172, l. 18, &c.

§ Beatitude supreme in giving joy. p. 150.

and



LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xix

and \* joy: and (what may seem somewhat particular) he thinks it so not only to man, but to all God's creatures †; even to the least insects.

\* Hail, source of transport ever new!

While I thy strong impulse pursue

I taste a joy sincere:

Too vast for little minds to know,

Who on themselves alone bestow

Their wishes and their care.---

By thee inspir'd the generous breast,

In blessing others only blest,

With goodness large and free,

Delights the widow's tears to stay;

To teach the blind their smoothest way,

And aid the feeble knee.

Hymn to Benevolence, p. 26, and 27.

† Thou fill'st the waste of ocean, earth, and air,

With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly;

From rolling worlds descends thy generous care

To insect crouds, that 'scape the nicest eye:

For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee:

To bless, and to be blest, their noblest end,

To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend. p. 24.

And in his Hymn to Benevolence;

We see thy energy prevail,

Thro' being's ever rising scale;

From nothing, ev'n to God.

p. 26.



## xx An Account of the AUTHOR'S

HE looks upon virtue as the cause of \* happiness to man, in the whole extent of his being ; and on vice as the cause of his † misery and unhappiness.

HIS thoughts of death are such, as I should imagine every wise and good man must entertain of it ; and if they are not more commonly to be met with, it will only prove, that men of both those characters are not so common as one would wish. He looks upon death ‡ as a thing rather to be

\* Fair virtue shines to all display'd ;

Nor asks the tardy schoolman's aid,

To teach us what is right :

Pleasure and pain she sets in view. p. 63.

† Curs'd with unnumber'd groundless fears

How pale yon shivering wretch appears !

For him, the day-light shines in vain ;

For him, the fields no joys contain :---

Impending mists deform the sky,

And beauty withers in his eye, &c.

p. 35.

But since all crimes their hell contain ;

Since all must feel, who merit pain, &c.

p. 32.

‡ ———— Reason will dispel

Those fancy'd terrors. Reason will instruct thee,

That death is Heaven's kind interposing hand,

To snatch thee timely from impending woe ;

From aggregated misery, whose pangs

Can find no other period but the grave.

p. 155.

——— Who wou'd not sink

A while in tears and sorrow ; then emerge

With tenfold lustre, triumph o'er his pain,

And with unfading glory shine in Heav'n?

p. 165.

While



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be desired, than to be fear'd; as a relief from all the bustle, and troubles, of this life; and as the initiation, or entrance, into a much nobler state of life, an uninterrupted state of immortality and joy.

His ideas of the Deity are uncommonly great and noble. He speaks of God, as completing the whole creation \* by a single thought; and of his † distressing, or reviving all things, only by casting a single regard toward them, or looking from them. He considers the love of God as the only ‡ satisfactory object for happiness in this world: and he shews how strong this is in his own mind, by the warmth which || animates

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain;  
Till death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing scene:  
Safe, sable guide, to that celestial shore  
Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more. p. 57.

\* See p. 13. — Hail sovereign goodness, &c.

† But if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,  
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,  
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes;  
And vents her grief in universal sighs. —  
But when again thy glory is display'd,  
Reviv'd creation lifts her chearful head:  
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,  
And life rekindles at the genial ray;  
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,  
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise. p. 15, 16.

‡ See The Wish satisfy'd, p. 38 to 41.

|| While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame  
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,

To



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mates his prayers, and thanksgivings, to his Maker. He carries this so far, that in one place (tho' he expresses his inferior abilities as to the form), he seems unwilling to yield even to the angelic order of beings \*, as to the sincerity and ardency of his devotions.

THO'

To thee my ardent praises shall be borne  
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;  
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,  
And nature in full choir shall join around:  
When full of thee my soul excursive flies  
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;  
From world to world, new wonders still I find,  
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.

p. 16, 17.

And in his Hymn to Divine Love:

To thee, munific ever-flaming love!  
One endless hymn united nature sings;  
To thee, the bright inhabitants above  
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings:  
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings  
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;  
Aid then, O love, my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day!

Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows:

My soul expanding gives the torrent way;

Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.

Thus ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,

Oh snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign!

There teach my tongue thy praise, in more exalted strain.

p. 25.

\* By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,  
Through ev'ry period of my infant state

Sustain'd,



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THO' I have read Mr. *Blacklock's* poems enough, to have entertain'd as high an opinion of them, as any one can well have; yet my going from his moral character to his poetical one, seems a very great fall to me: and I feel a sensible uneasiness in quitting the former, even whilst I am entering on so agreeable a subject as the latter.

### S E C T. III.

#### *Of his Poetical Character.*

THERE is a great perspicuity, neatness, and even elegance of stile, to be observed in several of his pieces: particularly in his (a) *Wish*, (which has so many other beauties); in his imitation (b) of one of the psalms; his poem on (c) the refinements in metaphysical philosophy, (in which he owns (d) he had plung'd too deep, formerly, himself); in his dressing the (e) old *Scotch* song; and his ode (f) to a coquet.

THE last mention'd of these is written with something of a gayer air, than is usual in his poems; tho' he is far from

Sustain'd, I live to yield thee praises due.

O cou'd my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,

High as thy throne re-echo to the songs

Of angels! thence, O! cou'd my pray'r obtain

One beam of inspiration, to inflame

And animate my numbers! Heav'n's full choir

In loftier strains th'inspiring God might sing;

But not more ardent, more sincere, than mine.

p. 167.

(a) Poems, p. 128.

(b) The 139th. p. 17.

(c) P. 61.

(d) Ibid. 2.

(e) P. 78.

(f) P. 57.

wanting



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wanting a talent for vivacity and satire, if he would give himself the leave to indulge it : but he is so good-natur'd, that he has scarce given us any direct specimen of it against any one, except himself. This is in the piece called the (a) Author's Picture : from which, and his (b) earliest piece of all (that has some glances of the same kind), it might fairly enough have been conjectur'd, that he had a natural bent this way ; and this probably would have appeared much more frequently, and more strongly in his writings, had it not been for his superior goodness of heart, and his being struck (as soon as he came to a reasoning age) so much more strongly, with the charms of morality and philosophy.

His (c) pastoral song, and his ode (d) to a friend that was going abroad, are very well written, each in their way ; and have beside, several good pathetic strokes in them. His (e) pastoral, inscrib'd to *Euanthe*, is poetical, as well as pathetic, to a great degree ; and his (f) soliloquy is both, in a very high one.

His elegy (g) on *Constantia* flows on, all in one stream of distress and passion ; and rises, about the middle of the piece, to very high poetry.

THIS, with the soliloquy just mentioned, and two of his hymns, (one (h) to the Supreme Being, and the other (i) to fortitude, are the parts of his poems which would be the most proper of any to prove, that he is not incapable of himself to rise to a true sublimity, both of thinking, and writing.

His hymn to (k) benevolence is an amiable piece, for its enlarged notions : and both that and his ode (l) to a lady on

- |             |             |            |            |            |
|-------------|-------------|------------|------------|------------|
| (a) P. 191. | (b) P. 75.  | (c) P. 84. | (d) P. 50. | (e) P. 92. |
| (f) P. 153. | (g) P. 144. | (h) P. 9.  | (i) P. 28. | (k) P. 26. |
| (l) P. 67.  |             |            |            |            |

the



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the loss of her child, abound as much in good morals, as they do in good sense and poetry.

Hrs translation of (a) *Buchanan's Desiderium Lutetiae*, and his own (b) plaintive shepherd, give the best proofs of his ease and fluency in the pastoral sort of versification: and in the latter of these, there is a strong instance of his varying his notes according to the occasion: I mean (c) where he speaks of his own distress in slow solemn numbers; and of his rival's happiness in a more enliven'd and joyous run of verse. Much the same thing may be observ'd in his two odes, printed (d) together; one wrote in the time of sickness, and the other on health.

THESE sorts of miscellaneous poems have not generally much of planning in them. The best plann'd among Mr. *Blacklock's* seem to be his (e) *Wish satisfied*, and (f) the *Monody*; the latter of which, beside this merit, is very pathetic, and very poetical.

As all general commendations are of less force, and more to be suspected; I shall give several particular instances from his works, which I believe will be fully sufficient to evince, that he has the true spirit of poetry in him.

THE most distinguishing character of poetry, is to be descriptive; and it is this which gives the very near relation that there is between poetry and painting.

MR. *Blacklock* is very descriptive, in many parts of his poems; but 'tis very easy to be observed that, where his descriptions are of any length, they are generally not descriptions of things, but of passions. To which one may add, that they turn much more on the melancholy passions, than

(a) P. 103. (b) P. 98. (c) P. 98. from v. 3 to v. 20. (d) P. 72. and 73. (e) P. 38. (f) P. 114.



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the joyous or pleasing ones. Both of which are perhaps to be accounted for, from the unfortunate loss of his sight in his infancy.

In spite of this, how pretty is his description of a modest lady going to be married?

See, the wish'd-for dawn appears?

A more than wonted glow she wears.——

Awake, you nymphs, the blushing bride!

T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride:

While virgin shame retards her way;

And love, half-angry, chides her stay (a).

And how different are the characters of his minstrels?

Panting bosoms, speaking eyes;

Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs (b).

He thus expresses his own passion, for *Urania*:

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn

How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray!

Her charms the loveliest landskip shall adorn;

And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;

The silver stream in sweeter music flows:

Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;

And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose;

Its deepest silence charms, if she be by:

Her voice the music of the dawn renews;

Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye (c).

(a) Poems, p. 55.

(b) P. 40.

(c) P. 128.



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xxvii

His introduction (a) of the Angel to solve his doubts, when his own reason is at a loss in the pursuit of happiness, shews how poetical an imagination he has: as his making a person of content, and representing her in the manner he does, is the effect of a very pretty one; tho' it takes up no more than a single line.

While in the lowly hut, and silent grove,  
"Content plays smiling with her sister love (b).

THE picture of discord may serve as a contrast to the former:

Discord, at whose tremendous view  
Hell quakes with horror ever new,  
No more by endless night depress'd,  
Pours all her venom thro' each breast:  
And, while deep groans and carnage is increas'd,  
Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy (c).

THE description of a youth whilst drowning, and the expression of the grief of his friends standing on the bank, and unable to assist him; are equally strong and poetical.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,  
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey;  
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,  
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay;  
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,  
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore;  
They view'd, and mourn'd his fate—O heaven, they cou'd no more! (d)

THE distress of a blind man, (when suddenly alarm'd with a danger that threatens his life, tho' the extent and na-

(a) P. 39. ver. 9. to the end of that poem.

(b) P. 100. ver. 44.

(c) Poems. p. 45.

(d) Ib. p. 115.



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ture of that danger is unknown to him) is thus strongly and abruptly express'd in the entrance of his soliloquy.

Where am I?--- O eternal power of heav'n  
Relieve me!--- Or amid the silent gloom  
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear  
Prompt to redress th' unhappy!—O my heart!—  
What shall I do? or whither shall I turn?—  
Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,  
Save me involv'd in peril, and in night! (a)

THIS has a very near resemblance to the pathetic manner of *Sophocles*, (particularly in the first scene of his *Philoctetes*;) as the following lines on love, from his old *Scotch* song, contain some of the very expressions of *Sappho*.

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd;  
His colour went, and came:  
Dark grew his een, his ears resound;  
His breast was all on flame (b).

Not less strong is his account of the first attack of a violent love.

There, from the nymphs retir'd, depress'd she lay;  
To unremitting pain a smiling prey:  
Even then I saw her, as an angel bright;  
I saw! I lov'd! I perish'd at the sight!  
I sigh'd, I blush'd; I gaz'd with fix'd surprize:  
And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes (c)

AND he shews much the same force, in speaking of his rival's happiness (d); and his own jealousy and constancy.

(a) P. 153. (b) P. 86. (c) P. 95. (d) P. 37, 38. See  
p. 132. v. 69 to v. 76.

His



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His description of the effects of a guilty conscience is as poetical as it is just. In speaking of a very wicked person, he says :

In hopes his terror to elude,  
By day, he mingles with the croud :  
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,  
In busy crouds, and open day.  
If night alone his walk surprize,  
What horrid visions round him rise !  
That blasted oak, which meets his way,  
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,  
(The midnight murd'rer's known retreat),  
Felt Heav'n's avengeful bolt of late :  
The clashing chain, the groan profound,  
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound :  
And now the spot he seems to tread  
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid ;  
Beneath his steps earth seems to bend ;  
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend :  
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,  
Sees horrid phantoms croud the shade (a).

THERE is very much of the same force, and the same way of thinking, in his description of horror ; where he breaks out thus, all at once :

And, shield me Heav'n ! what hollow sound,  
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round ?  
The bell strikes one ; that magic hour,  
When rising fiends exert their pow'r :  
And now, sure now, some cause unblest  
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast.

(a) P. 35, 36.

How



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How deep the breeze! how dim the light!  
What spectres swim before my sight! (a)

I HAD a very early occasion of mentioning his force in describing both parental tenderness, and filial affection. As he feels this with great warmth in his own breast, so he describes it with a great deal of energy in speaking of others. What a pretty picture does he give of a young daughter's assiduity in attending her father in his last sickness?

Whether the day it's wonted course renew'd,  
Or midnight vigils wrapp'd the world in shade;  
Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,  
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid:  
    To soften ev'ry pain,  
    The meaning look explain;  
And scan the forming wish, ere yet express'd:  
    The dying father smil'd  
    With fondness on his child;  
And when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness blest'd (b).

AND how strongly does he express the grief of a mother, on the loss of her son, by a violent death?

Dear hapless youth,---what felt thy mother's heart!  
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?  
Such anguish when the soul and body part,  
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade:  
    "Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid?---

AND so on, thro' the whole (c) page, to

"And art thou to my arms---ah! art thou thus restor'd!"

(a) P. 29.

(b) P. 126.

(c) P. 119, 120.



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I SHALL only add to these proofs of his emotion, and force in writing, some which will shew that he can even rise to the sublime. Such, I think, is his couplet on the creation of light, in his hymn to the Supreme Being :

When darkness rul'd with universal sway ;  
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day (a).

AND that idea of the whole creation's being conceiv'd and executed, as one and the same act, in the following passage :

Hail, sovereign goodness, all-productive mind !  
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find.  
How various all, how variously endow'd !  
How great their number, and each part how good !  
How perfect then must the great Parent shine ?  
Who, with one act of energy divine,  
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design (b). }

SUCH his description of the whale, in imitation of the psalmist.

Here the huge potent of the scaly train,  
Enormous, sails incumbent o'er the main ;  
An animated isle : and in his way  
Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foamy sea.  
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,  
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame ;  
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks with conscious pride  
The volley'd lightning, and the furling tide :  
And, while the wrathful elements engage,  
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage (c).

(a) P. 9.

(b) P. 13, 14.

(c) P. 15.



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SUCH is his imagination of the terrors that distract the mind of the wicked, in two passages so lately (a) quoted; and such, in the two following on the same subject:

'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,  
Plagues that can boast no precedent in hell.  
Ev'n in the silent, safe, domestic hour,  
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace;  
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,  
In fancy's ears shall with a thousand tongues  
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes  
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air  
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick  
Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes  
With sanguine fiery glare. ————— (b).

————— To thy dreams  
Th' infernal gulph shall open; and disclose  
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake  
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,  
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,  
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind  
Its fiercest flames shall prey, while from its depth  
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach;  
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge  
Thy naked soul ten thousand fathom down  
Amidst the boiling surges. ————— (c).

(a) P. 35, and 36. (b) P. 148, 149. (c) P. 149, 150.



## S E C T. IV.

*Of the describing Visible Objects.*

**I**T is remarkable enough, that some of the greatest poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and 'tis very probable, that the loss of their sight may have added to the force of their imagination, as far as it went; in the same manner, and for the same reasons; that we think the more intensely of any one thing, when we shut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born blind, or (which is much the same thing) one who has been blind from his early infancy, is still a novelty; and a thing much to be wonder'd at. Our great *Milton* did not lose his sight till he was (a) toward fifty years old; and *Homer*, for aught we know, might have enjoy'd his, till after he had finish'd his two most celebrated poems.

Our author (as has been mention'd often before) lost his sight entirely, before he was half a year old; and consequently whatever ideas he may have in relation to visible objects, must have been acquired only from the characters he has learnt of them from books and conversation; and some supposed analogies between those characters, and any of the ideas in the stock he has laid in, either from his other senses, or his own reflections upon them. Notwithstanding which, he speaks very frequently of the objects and ideas belonging to sight, with great familiarity, and boldness; and generally, without impropriety.

To make every thing as clear as I can, in so intricate a subject, I shall set down the facts from his own writings, under

(a) See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. xxxvii.



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distinct heads; and add my own guesses towards accounting for them, under each of those heads.

In the first place then, our author speaks of day, and night;---light and darkness;--- of the eye, view, and sight;---of the sun, moon, and stars;---of lightning, and meteors;---of the beams of the sun;--- and of the flashing, gleaming, glowing, glaring, and blazing of different objects; some of these in a literal way, but more in a profess'd metaphorical one.

His general notion of day (beside the idea of duration which he has in common with us), seems to me to be the idea of an "unknown something, that is very lively and "joyous;" but the distinguishing joy of it, that we have in seeing the light, and all the variety of objects that are gilded and shewn to so much advantage by it, he can only talk of (a), as he does of the joys of Heaven: which (as the scriptures assure us), it has not enter'd into the heart of man to conceive.

His general notion of night, as its opposite, seems to be an idea of something very gloomy and melancholy; not unlike the most vulgar idea (b) of hell, in all ages.

To be a little more particular on these two articles: I imagine that his notion of day is generally connected to one or

(a) If up to heav'n's ætherial height

Thy prospect to elude I rise,  
In splendor there severely bright  
Thy presence shall my sight surprize;

There, beaming from their source divine,  
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

p. 19.

(b) He himself joins night and hell together.

p. 27, ver. 24.

other



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other of the following ideas; (a) warmth, (b) variety of sounds, society, and (c) cheerfulness.

His notion of night, in like manner, is connected with the ideas of (d) silence, (e) solitude, (f) melancholy, or (g) hor-

(a) ——— I feel internal day;

Transfusive warmth thro' all my bosom glows. p. 25, ver. 43.

(b) Banish'd from day each dear delight;

And shook with conscious starts the night. p. 30, ver. 51.

(c) ——— Tho' the blaze of day

Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream;

To me extinct in everlasting shades! p. 160, 161, ver. 62—64.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;

For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll: p. 30, ver. 37.

(d) Night brooding o'er her mute domain,

In rayless silence wraps her reign. p. 28, ver. 1.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose;

Its deepest silence charms, if she be by. p. 31, ver. 57.

(e) In hopes his terror to elude,

By day he mingles with the croud;

Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,

In busy crouds, and open day:

If night alone his walk surprize,

What horrid visions round him rise! p. 35, ver. 149—154.

(f) Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign.

p. 13, ver. 80.

The scene of night and woes.

p. 23, ver. 12.

O'er all the mournful plain

Let night, and sorrow, reign.

p. 115, ver. 19.

(g) Than night more dreadful, in her blackest shroud.

p. 162, ver. 188. See p. 28, ver. 3--6.



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for; each of which he himself has expressly annex'd to it, in some part or other of his poems.

I AM apt to suspect, that he may formerly have admitted a mixture from the sense (of) feeling, into his strongest ideas of darkness: and that as the scripture (a) (and our great poet *Milton* from them) have call'd it palpable (b), he may sometimes have conceived it, as if it really was so.

HE seems to use the words, (c) eye, view, and sight, indifferently, either for the mind, or for ideas in the mind.

MR. *Blacklock* must probably have been often told, that our sight conveys much quicker, livelier, and more pleasing, (or as I should chuse to express it to himself, much more poeti-

(a) Darkness that may be felt. *Exod. ch. x. ver. 21.* — The palpable obscure. *Paradise Lost: B. 2. ver. 406.*

(b) This was confirmed by Mr. *Blacklock* himself; who referred to the expressions of "*Solid Gloom*," in the Hymn to Fortitude; and "*Adamantine Night*," in his Elegy on Mr. *Pope*, as proofs of it.

(c) Thy wisdom who can comprehend?

Its highest point what eye can find? p. 18, ver. 20---21.

From films of error purge the mental eye. p. 176, ver. 11.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,

Wild waves shall roar, and conflagrations spread.

p. 129, ver. 3. 6.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thy eyes,

To my dejected soul I said.

p. 45, ver. 41, 42.

If to mankind I turn my view.

p. 44, ver. 31.

How rare such views the heart elate!

p. 34, ver. 129.

Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,

Thy heart her angel-goodness warm.

p. 45, ver. 45, 46.

Still the sad vision swims before my sight.

p. 122, ver. 162.

cal)



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cal) ideas of things to the mind, than our feeling does; that these ideas are all brought to us, by the means of what we call light, striking variously on our eyes: and that the chief source or dispenser of this light, is the sun. This (together with the ideas that he has gotten in common with us, (a) from philosophy) must make him consider the sun, as a very glorious being; and indeed this idea of glory seems from his works, to be (b) his principal idea of the sun.

(a) He has very right philosophical ideas, as such, not only of the sun, but of the moon, and stars; as may appear from the following passages:

Thou all-enliv'ning flame, intensely bright,  
Whose sacred beams illumine each wandering sphere  
That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,  
Conducting round this globe the varied year. p. 126.

He bade the silver majesty of night  
Revolve her circles; and increase her light:  
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere;  
And taught the sun to regulate the year. p. 12.

Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,  
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and lost in joy,  
Fair order and utility behold:—  
To me, those fair vicissitudes are lost. p. 155.

(b) Where-e'er the nine their tuneful presence deign,  
There shall thy glory with unclouded blaze  
Command immortal monuments of praise;  
From clime to clime the circling sun shall view  
Its rival splendor still his own pursue. p. 143.

His



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HIS chief ideas of the moon (*a*), and stars, are probably of the same kind, only in less degrees.

HIS idea of lightning (*b*), and meteors, I suppose to be still of the same kind; only with the addition of the ideas, of more violence, and shorter duration.

THIS idea of glory may be used by him to supply the room of our idea of light; and whatever we call luminous, he may conceive as glorious (*c*).

HIS notion of the beams of the sun seems to be compos'd of this (*d*) idea of glory, and that of rapidity; and I am a little inclined to suspect, that he may (*e*) possibly have admitted

(*a*) He calls the moon,

— The silver majesty of night.

p. 12, ver. 75.

And the stars, "the argent train," of the evening.

p. 13, ver. 96.

(*b*) — Lightning's flash—

p. 21, ver. 83.

— The meteor's suddain ray.

(Of lightning). p. 35, ver. 156.

— Of the state of the blest: see paragraph the second, in note ||, p. xxii. anteh.—and, of the Deity, note \*, p. xxiii.

(*c*) He applies the same ideas in speaking of Heaven;

In vivid glory where the faintest rays

Out-flash the splendor of our mid-day sun. p. 163, ver. 216.

(*d*) Like sun-beams sheen her waving locks;

Her een, like stars were bright.

(In his old Scotch Song). p. 85, ver. 17.

Swift as a sun-beam—

p. 41, ver. 64.

(*e*) Far as the pointed sun-beam flies.

p. 26, ver. 13.

Could I, like *Uriel*, on some pointed ray

To your far distant Eden wing my way.

p. 174, ver. 5.

When



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xxxix

mitted that of solidity too into it, formerly, as was said before (a), in the case of darkness.

His idea of a blaze is certainly this of glory (b), if I am right before in supposing it the chief ingredient in his idea of the sun; and those of (c) flashing, gleaming, glowing, and glaring, may be all of the same kind, under various characters, and in different degrees.

WHAT his idea of this sort of glory is (d), I cannot at all determine: and it would be a very particular pleasure to me, to

When darkness rul'd with universal sway;  
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day:  
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word;  
Which like a garment cloath'd its sovereign Lord. p. 9, ver. 5—8.

(a) P. xxxvi.

(b) Amid the sun's full blaze——

p. 19, ver. 48.

—— The blaze of day.

p. 9, ver. 6.

View its full blaze in open prospect glow.

(Of the Glories of Heaven). p. 132, ver. 66.

(c) From world to world, new wonders still I find

And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.

p. 17, ver. 169.

—— The mid-day gleam.

p. 117, ver. 49.

—— Glowing stones——

(Of Diamonds). p. 12, ver. 39.

Tho' fortune nurse him with a mother's care;

And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare.

p. 189, ver. 23.

(d) On mentioning this particular to Mr. *Blacklock*, since the first writing of this, he endeavour'd to explain his idea of glory, in the following manner: He took out his watch, and carrying his hand gently backward and forward on the case of it, he said, that gave him an idea of smoothness; then doing the same on the glass, he said, that gave him an idea of much greater smoothness: Now this, says he, we may carry higher and higher in the mind; and the highest idea of smoothness, is my idea of glory.

Our



## xl An Account of the AUTHOR'S

to have an opportunity of conversing with him on that, and many other doubts, that must arise in reading his works. Yet I think I could guess sometimes at what turn his answers might take; and doubt not but that they might be sometimes very odd, and entertaining. (Thus (to instance in a point very lately mentioned), I imagine that if he was ask'd the question, he would answer; "That a brisk tune was much more like the rays of the sun (*a*) than a melancholy one;" and should not be surpriz'd if a person that had been blind as early as Mr. *Blacklock*, and had not been so well instructed in philosophy as he has been, was to ask, "Why they had never wove some of them into a robe, for a king to wear upon the day of his coronation?"

SECONDLY, our author not only makes use of epithets from each of the five principal colours (at least, if we may be allow'd to substitute purple in the room of violet), but also, from white, or the appearance of all of them when associated together;---from some of the intermediate colours:--- from various colours in the same object;--- and from the different degrees of brightness and dimness of colours, in different objects, or on different occasions.

I do not remember that he annexes the word red to any thing but (*b*) lightning--- Yellow, he attributes very properly

Our common idea of glory seems to be that of light, or brightness. Such is the vulgar idea of heaven; and the painters call the brightness round the heads of their saints by the very name of glory. The strongest sensations we have seem therefore to supply us with our ideas of glory: our strongest sense being that of sight; and his strongest, that of touch or feeling.

(*a*) This was strongly confirmed afterwards by Mr. *Blacklock*, in my conversation with him.

(*b*) As, e'er the long-collected storm descend,

Red lightnings flash.---

Till his red terrors *Jove* again display.

p. 120, ver. 123.

p. 137, ver. 75.

to



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xli

to (a) gold, among metals; and to the (b) crocus, among flowers:—green, as properly to (c) trees or arbours, (d) grass-fields, valleys, and plains:—blue, to the (e) sea, (f) the heavens, and (g) the morning:—and purple to the (h) evening, in one place; and to (i) grapes, and (k) hyacinths, in others.

WHITENESS (if he uses the word silver for white, as he does yellow for gold) is attributed by him to the (l) moon,

(a) With toil amass a mighty store  
Of glowing stones, or yellow ore. p. 11, ver. 39.

(b) In yellow glory let the crocus shine. p. 139, ver. 9.

(c) ——— Green retreat. p. 127, ver. 249.  
Beneath a green shade——— p. 81, ver. 1.

(d) Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,  
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply. p. 12, ver. 61.

The verdant vale——— p. 155, ver. 41.

And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain. p. 89, ver. 2.

(e) The azure kingdoms of the deep—— p. 14, ver. 111.

(f) On liquid air he bade the columns rise  
That prop the starry concave of the skies;  
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole. p. 9, ver. 9.

——Heav'n's blue arch——— p. 15, ver. 124.

The blue serene——— p. 54, ver. 81.

(g) Azure dawn——— p. 83, ver. 1.

(h) Now purple evening ting'd the blue serene. p. 89, 1.

(i) Rich swells the purple grape. p. 116, ver. 31.

(k) Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise. p. 111, ver. 139.

(l) ——The silver majesty of night. p. 12, ver. 76.

f the



## xl<sup>ii</sup>      An Account of the AUTHOR'S

the (a) wings of an angel, and to a (b) clear transparent stream. As to the intermediate colours, he uses some of the softer degrees of red, for the (c) complexion, for the (d) morning, for (e) ripen'd fruits, and for (f) wine; gold colour, for (g) corn; and chefnut, for the (h) hair.

He speaks of various colours, in the same object; as in (i) flowers; the (k) wings of a goldfinch; and the (l) rainbow.

(a) Immortal guardians from the sky

    Their silver wings display.

p. 72, ver. 80.

(b) —By the margin of the silver stream.

p. 117, ver. 51.

And he may mean the same by his, crystal stream.

p. 90, ver. 23.

(c) The rose lent blushes to her cheek.

p. 85, ver. 19.

(d) Awake, you nymphs, the blushing bride,

    T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride,

p. 56, ver. 15.

    —The blushing morn.

p. 16, ver. 164.

    —The rosy wings of morn.

p. 20, ver. 51.

(e) Autumn's blushing gifts—

p. 130, ver. 31.

(f) *Hæbe*, fill the rosy bowl!

p. 37, ver. 40.

(g) Plant the fields with golden grain.

p. 39, ver. 13.

    Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care.

p. 12, ver. 64.

    Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain. 116, 31.

(h) Unplaited now his cravat hung:

    Undress'd, his chefnut hair.

p. 87, ver. 35.

(i) From each flow'r of varied hue.

p. 74, ver. 13.

    And tulips, ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.

p. 119, ver. 112.

(k) That goldfinch, with her painted wings,

    Which gaily looks, and sweetly sings,

    That, and if aught I have more fine,

    All, all, my charmer, shall be thine.

(In the poem, which he wrote when he was but twelve years old). 75, 5-8.

(l) Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends;

    Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends.

p. 11, ver. 53.

HE



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xliii

He attributes paleness to (a) grief, (b) fear, and (c) sickness: and, on the contrary, gives a brightness to his colouring of (d) the sun, (e) and the eyes;--- a cheerfulness (f) to his green;--- a shining to (g) snow, and (h) clear streams;--- and a glow to his (i) diamonds, and (k) roses.

TOWARD accounting in part for the things contained under this head, or at least toward lessening the wonder that they

(a) These pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain? p. 95, v. 64.

(b) Pale fear ————— p. 30, v. 47.

(c) Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale. p. 122, v. 153.

(d) But now the sun declines his radiant head. p. 182, v. 83.

What tho' the radiant sun and clement sky

Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below. p. 115, v. 25.

(e) Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade. 121, v. 144.

Mother of all human joys,

Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes. (Ode to Health). 73, v. 1.

(f) ———Smiling verdure——— 58, v. 21.

(g) ———Lucid snow. 11, v. 41.

(h) Lucid streams——— 11, v. 1.

(i) With toil amass a mighty store

Of glowing stones, or yellow ore. 39, v. 11.

(k) —Rosy lustre—— 4, v. 62.

The violets languish, and the roses glow. 139, v. 109.

I was at first quite at a loss, to account for Mr. *Blacklock's* notion of violets being of a languid colour; but fancy I may have since hit upon the reason for it. As in the study of natural philosophy, he has been used to hear the principal colours named in one regular order, in which red is always mentioned first, and violet last of all; he may either thence, or rather from the nature of those colours themselves, have gotten an idea of red as the strongest, and of violet as the weakest of all the colours: and it may be partly from hence, that he attributes red to such a violent impetuous thing as lightning; and speaks of violets, as of a weak or languid colour.



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will be apt to occasion; it may not be improper to observe, in the first place, that where-ever our author uses the words, yellow, green, blue, or any of the other epithets relating to colours, he may possibly use them (as boys very often do epithets at school) without any determinate ideas, or at least without the proper ones. He may have got the connexion of such and such particular sounds or words, with such particular things, from conversation, and of others from the works of our poets; and may often apply them properly too, only by the help of a good and faithful memory.

A Boy that has got the connexion of the words *Purpureus Olor*, or *Purpureum Mare*, either by learning some passages from *Horace* (a) and *Virgil* by rote, or in the usual method of consulting his *Gradus* in his distresses for a word to lengthen out a verse, may use the same expressions very properly together; tho' he does not know the meaning of the word *Purpureus*, and has never seen either a swan or the sea in his life; nay, even tho' he should never so much as have heard, that a swan is of a light, and the sea of a dark, colour.

BUT, in the second place, our author may have (b) affix'd a set of ideas to the words he uses in relation to colours; tho' quite of a different kind, from the ideas which they give us.

THERE.

(a) ---Purpureis ales oloribus.

HOR. Lib. 4. Od. 1, 10.

In mare purpureum.---

VIRG. G. 4. 373.

(b) This was written, at first, by guess; but an answer of Mr. *Blacklock*'s since, to one of his friends, seems to confirm the conjecture. This friend (on recollecting the account in Mr. *Locke* of a blind man, who said, that scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet), ask'd him, Whether he did not sometimes connect the ideas of sound to the names of colours? Mr. *Blacklock* said, "That, as he met so often, both in books  
" and conversation, with the terms expressing colours; he had formed  
" false associations, which supported him when he read, wrote, or talk'd  
" of



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xlv

THERE have been some instances of persons born blind, who have acquired such an additional fineness in their sense of feeling, and have given so much more attention to it, than a man who enjoys the constant use of his sight would ever afford, that they (*a*) can distinguish all the principal colours (in a piece of silk for instance, or in a picture) merely by their touch : and I have heard that some of them have carried this so far as to distinguish several of the intermediate colours, and even the mixtures of different tints, in particular'd silks.

THE very same variety in the disposition of the parts in the surfaces of objects, which makes them reflect different rays of light to the eye, may make them feel as differently to the exquisite touch of a blind man.

WHEN such a one has a mind to get names for these different sorts of feelings, his readiest way to learn them is by enquiring of those that see, what name relating to colours they give to such an object and then he can annex (*b*), the same name to

“ of colours : but that these associations were most commonly of a moral kind.” Thus, for instance, he supposed the illumination of the sun to be like the presence of a friend ; and so of the rest : See note (*b*), below.

(*a*) This Mr. *Blacklock* has never endeavoured to learn ; but thought it was practicable, if any body had a mind to take so much trouble.

(*b*) On my reading this part to Mr. *Blacklock*, he said, That the connections which he had made to the names of colours, were chiefly of a moral kind ; and that he made them very early. To *red* he had connected the idea of courage ; and called it, “ a very bold colour.”--- He gave a mix'd character of *yellow*, partly good, and partly bad : And on my saying, that there was some foundation for that in reality ; for that the deeper yellows were often disagreeable, and the paler much more agreeable ; he said, “ The latter must be so, because they partook more “ of light.”--- To *green* he had annex'd the ideas of peace and serenity.—



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to the particular sensation it gives him, upon touching it. Thus he may make a new sort of vocabulary to himself; in relation to things which give us the ideas of more or less pleasing colours, by the eye; and which give him the ideas of greater smoothness, or roughness, by the touch: and in this case, tho' our sensations are of such very different kinds, our names for them (as far as they go) may be the same.

OUR own names for colours are infinitely deficient (for I cannot in conscience use (a) a less extensive word for it), in comparison of the real differences, and degrees of them, in things; and his vocabulary, as to this point, may well be supposed to be yet more deficient than ours: but such a vocabulary, of some kind or other, he may make; and such, 'tis very evident from his writings, Mr. *Blacklock* has actually stored up in his memory; and makes use of as occasions call upon him for it, and that generally with propriety.

WHERE-EVER Mr. *Blacklock* uses any words from this stock or vocabulary, in his poems, he must speak in a metaphorical sense; just where we should speak in the proper one. Thus (as has been said before) he uses the words sight, view,

nity.— *Blue*, he said, must be pleasing, because it was the colour of the Heavens; and *purple*, because it was like the dawn of day: (these two last seem to me to be got from the epithets so frequently used by our poets, of azure for the sky, and purple for the morning).— To *white* (he said) he had annex'd the idea of joy; and to *black*, that of melancholy.

(a) The different shades and degrees under each of the principal colours are innumerable: and as to the most common of them, in particular, it has been doubted by some, whether any two leaves, even on the same tree, are exactly of the same green. If this be true, there must be numberless millions of millions of different greens only; and I suppose that all our English names, for all sorts of colours, if put together, could scarce be made to amount to so small a number as fifty.

and



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. xlvii

and eyes; for the mind, perception, or thoughts:— Luminous, or shining; for, glorious:— Sees or beholds; for, perceives:— Green, with him, means something pleasing or smooth; and red, something rough or displeasing: and so of the rest.

'Tis a consequence of this, that where-ever he speaks (*a*) of God's seeing things (as he does in several places), he must be less metaphorical than we are, when we use the same expressions.

'Tis impossible to say how far this vocabulary of his may reach; or how far he may compound and divide, or reason upon these subsidiary ideas, which he makes use of in the room of the ideas which we have by the inlet of our sight. But however unaccountable it may be, 'tis certain he does not only agree with us in the usage of many single terms and epithets relating to visible objects; but also that he has several descriptions, and some of length, which are so just, and in such unexpected circumstances; as must astonish, even while they please us.

As to still life, he has given either pictures or sketches, or at least some picturesque strokes, on all the following subjects: The (*b*) morning, (*c*) sunset, and (*d*) evening;—the (*e*) sun, the

(*a*) P. 8, ver. 54.---16; 155.---17; 167, &c.---17; 1 to 12.---20; 1.---23; 12, 13.---31; 53, &c.---141; 155.---156; 69.

(*b*) What tho' her cheeks a living blush display,

Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day.

97, v. 103.

(*c*) But now the sun declines his radiant head;

And rising hills project a length'ning shade.

102, v. 83.

(*d*) Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain.

93, v. 13.

(*e*) ————— Oft while the sun

Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,

A gloom



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the (a) moon, and the (b) stars;--- the (c) rainbow;--- (d) lightning;--- (e) sulphur, burning;--- (f) streams foul'd with rain:---- a very good (g) flower-piece; and two or three landships (h), or different views of the country.

His

A gloom of congregated vapours rise,  
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud;  
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,  
Portending tempest: till the source of day  
Again asserts the empire of the sky,  
And o'er the blotted scene of nature throws  
A keener splendor-----

162, v. 185.

See 116, 39 to 42; and 136, 49 to 53.

(a) By the pale glimmer of the conscious moon. 114, v. 1.

See 12, 75; and 82, 19.

(b) ---Grateful evening, with her argent train. 13, v. 96.

(c) See p. xlii, Note (l) ante:

(d) --- The lightning's flanting way. 54, v. 71.

(e) ----- O'er the burning lake

Of blue sulphureous gleam----- 149, v. 119.

(f) As swift-descending showers of rain;

Deform with mud the clearest streams. 48, v. 8.

(g) Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow;

The violets languish, and the roses glow:

In yellow glory let the crocus shine;

Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:

Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise;

And tulips, ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes. 139, v. 107.

(h) Him bright *Hygeia*, in life's early dawn,

Thro' nature's favourite walks with transport led;

Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,

Or



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His picture of a (a) lion is no bad one; and the colouring in the angry eyes (b) of his snakes is as strong and bold as any thing in painting can well be.

His description of a man struggling in the water (c), in the agonies of death, is of the same kind; and he has another which is as soft and pleasing, as that is strong and terrible. What I mean, is the pretty shepherdes in

Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:

There summer's treasure's to his view display'd

What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow,

Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow. 122, v. 145.

On rising ground the prospect to command,

Unting'd with smoke where vernal breezes blow,

In rural neatness let my cottage stand;

Here wave a wood, and there a river flow. 129, v. 13.

Plant the fields with golden grain;

Croud with lowing herds the plain:

Bid the marble domes ascend;

Bid the pleasant view extend;

Streams, and groves, and woods appear. 39, v. 13.

(a) Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood;

Taught from thy providence to ask his food:

To thee, O Father! to thy bounteous skies,

He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes. 13, v. 84.

(b) ——— All her snakes

Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,

With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick

Their forked tongues, and roll their kindling eyes

With sanguine fiery glare. ——— 149, 101.

(c) P. 37. antech.



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his pastoral song; the old language of which agrees very well with his subject. As this is the longest description of this kind, that he has ever aim'd at; I shall insert it here, in spite of the old Scotch words that abound in it.

'Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,

Ac morn of chearful May;

Forth GIRZY walk'd the flow'rs to view,

A flow'r mair sweet than they!

Like sun-beans sheen her waving locks;

Her een like stars were bright:

The rose lent blushes to her cheek;

The lily, purest white.

Jimp was her waist; like some tall pine,

That keeps the woods in awe:

Her limbs, like iv'ry columns turn'd;

Her breasts, like hills of snaw.

Her robe, around her loosely thrown,

Gave to the shepherd's een,

What fearless innocence wou'd show;

The rest was all unseen.

85, v. 13--28.

THE beauty of the human face is a common subject with him; and he not only gives it the same colours which he has here (a), in the times of joy and health: but paints all the

(a) The cheek, with lilies ting'd and rosy dye,

60, v. 46.

different



## LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. li

different languishings of it, in great (a) distress; in (b) sickness; and in a (c) fainting-fit.

THE eyes, which one should least expect to be a subject for his pencil, are attempted by him as frequently as any thing under this head (d); and (what is very surprizing), with as much success.

THE

(a) ————— When that cheek

Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfaded rose,

Grew pale with pining anguish. ————— 151, v. 144.

(b) When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,

Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face;

And pangs convuls'd his frame. (Of an Infant). 68, v. 16.

(c) From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;

The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes. 92, v. 47.

(d) He speaks of sparkling eyes, in his ode to health;

Mother of all human joys,

Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes. 73, v. 1.

And of his *Urania*:

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose:

Its deepest silence charms, if she be by:

Her voice the music of the dawn renews;

Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye. 131, v. 57.

He speaks of fine eyes, in sorrow;

Thro' tears behold a sister's eyes

Emit a faded ray, 52, v. 41.

In concern;

While touch'd with all thy tender pain

The muses breathe a mournful strain,

O lift thy languid eye. 67, v. 1,



## lii An Account of the AUTHOR'S

THE passions, and the discovery of them, he ascribes to the eyes, as much as we should do: it is in them chiefly that he paints (a) anger, (b) love, (c) haughtiness, (d) benignity, (e) grief, and fear.

THE same may be said, in a great measure, of those imaginary beings which are chiefly form'd on ideas of the passions; and all the others, which any way belong to what is

In sickness;

—Cou'd no song of melting woe

Revoke the keen determin'd blow,

That dimm'd his sparkling eye?

68, v. 19.

And in death:

Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;

While in his closing eyes

No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines.

119, v. 91.

(a) Soften, my fair, those angry eyes.

75, v. 11,

(b) The speaking glance, the heaving breast.

60, 45.

Arise, *Menalcas*, with the dawn arise;

For thee thy *Phæbe* looks with longing eyes.

101, v. 59.

(c) ————The supercilious eye,

Oft from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,

On my obscurity diverts its gaze

Exulting; and, with wanton pride inflate,

Felicitates its own superior lot.

157, v. 83---87

(d) ————That eye benign,

The seat of mercy, which to each distress

Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear

A willing tribute paid; now fruitless weeps,

Nor gains that pity is so oft bestow'd.

146, 37---41.

(e) With fear and grief in every eye.

76, v. 17.

called



# LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS. liii

called the machinery in poetry: some of the best strokes in his pictures of this kind also, referring chiefly to the eyes. As particularly in the benign look of the angel (a) before mentioned; in the staring of (b) ghosts: and more than once (c), in his descriptions of envy.

(AFTER putting so many passages together relating to visible objects, from our author's works, I am less surpris'd than I was in the first reading of them, at his speaking so frequently (d) as if he actually enjoy'd his eye-sight. The stock

(a) Note (a). p. xxvii.

(b) While shrouded manes palely stare;  
And beck'ning, wish to breathe their care. 36, v. 168.

(c) ——— Vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone.  
E'erwhile deprest in abject dust they lay;  
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day:  
While thy great genins, in their tortur'd fight,  
Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light,  
On the death of Mr. Pope, 134, v. 16---20.

Envy, that tortures her own heart  
With plagues, and every burning smart,  
Thy charms divine expell:  
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes;  
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies  
To native night and hell,

Hymn to Benevolence, 27, v. 19---24.

(d) How deep the breeze! how dim the light!  
What spectres swim before my sight! 29, v. 21.  
——— From the realms of endless day  
A bright immortal wing'd his way:  
Swift as a sun-beam down he flew;  
And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view. 41, v. 62---65.

Then



## liv An Account of the AUTHOR, &c.

stock of ideas which he has stor'd up in his mind, and substituted in the room of our ideas of things visible, and with like names affix'd to them, are so familiar to him, and are used by him in so uncommon and unaccountable a manner, that they seem to serve him as a subsidiary sort of sight; and put one in mind of his own expressions of intellectual rays, internal day, and the mental eye; as well as of that passage in the psalmist; *Κυριος σοφοι τυφλως*; or as our translators, (by joining the sense of the original to their own) might have render'd it, "The LORD giveth [internal] sight to the "blind."

Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread;  
And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than lightning, fled.

42, v. 81.

Each former object of delight,  
Beyond redemption, wings its flight;  
And where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,  
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

43, v. 7-10.



HORACE,





HORACE, Book IV. Ode 3. imitated.

TO MR. BLACKLOCK.

THE happy bard, on whom the muses deign  
 To smile propitious, seeks no vulgar praise  
 From following deep-mouth'd beagles on the plain;  
 Nor hopes, on races won, his fame to raise.  
 The pompous triumph, to the hero due,  
 Shall ne'er elate his soul with haughty joy;  
 Nor conqu'ring laurels, awful on his brow,  
 Proclaim him great, and mighty to destroy.  
 The music of the groves, the silver streams,  
 The zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the friendly shade,  
 With gentle murmurs prompt his golden dreams,  
 While on the riv'let's flow'ry margin laid,  
 Illustrious on the gilded wings of fame,  
 Hence, to *Edina's* beauteous nymphs, his song  
 Is borne; the fair the poet's praise proclaim,  
 And join their *Blacklock* to th' immortal throng.

O sov'reign



O sov'reign mistress of the tuneful lyre!  
 Who fir'st the poet's breast with warmth divine;  
 Who, if thou wilt, canst graciously inspire  
 A soul as rude, and as unskill'd as mine;  
 'Tis thine our *Caledonian* bard to bless  
 With all the glories of a spotless fame;  
 From thee, O goddess! comes his happiness,  
 The power to please, and an immortal name.

VERSES written by a very near-sighted  
 Gentleman, and inscribed to a Lady,  
 whose Sight has been much impaired by  
 Sickness.

Occasioned by reading the Poems of Mr. *Blacklock*, who  
 has wholly lost his Sight.

O! Thou in whom th' All-forming Power has join'd  
 A feeble body, with a vigorous mind;  
 Whose weaken'd sight, wounded by light's fierce ray,  
 Flies from the influence of unpractis'd day;  
 And inwardly retiring to the breast,  
 Beams forth in strong distinguish'd sense confess'd;

With



[ lvii ]

With me this wond'rous poet's song peruse :  
 O! listen to the dictates of his muse,  
 Whose sad similitude of grief shall cheer  
 Thy drooping soul, and teach thee how to bear  
 Each threat'ning evil of thy hapless state,  
 And soften all the rigour of thy fate.

Behold the youth, in earliest age depriv'd  
 Of life's best gift, almost e'er yet he liv'd,  
 To whom coy nature her fair face display'd,  
 Only to wrap it in eternal shade :  
 Extinct to him creation's works appear,  
 Each pleasing product of the circling year,  
 Each beauteous scene with varied colours gay,  
 And the great sun himself, parent of day.

Yet has indulgent heav'n, severely kind,  
 Pour'd forth its richest treasures on his mind;  
 And even lavish in munificence,  
 Has stor'd with images each other sense ;  
 Making for loss of sight an ample recompense.

Early the muse had mark'd him for her own,  
 And shed each grace on this her fav'rite son ;



With true poetic rage his bosom fir'd,  
 Not warm'd, but wrap'd, not taught him, but inspir'd;  
 Hence in sweet numbers lisp'd his infant tongue,  
 And ev'n his childhood form'd th' impassion'd song.

But chilling penury's rude grasp confin'd  
 The rising growth of his untutor'd mind;  
 Check'd his aspiring wing, nor let it soar  
 To heights which learning only could explore.  
 At length the gen'rous hand of charity  
 Loos'd his imprison'd soul, and bade it free  
 Through all the spacious fields of science stray,  
 And to fair learning pointed out its way.

With eager haste his busy mind explor'd  
 All that in ancient volumes had been stor'd;  
 Revolv'd each *Grecian* and each *Roman* page  
 With curious search; inquir'd from every sage,  
 Whate'er of God, or nature, had been taught;  
 What priests had utter'd, and what poets wrote.  
 But chief the muses virgin train he lov'd;  
 With them through fair *Eden*'s groves he rov'd,

Smit



[ lxix ]

Smit with the praise of song ; to them he bore  
 Each happier thought, and ev'ry fairer flower  
 Of knowlege sprung spontaneous from his mind,  
 By nature prompted, or by art refin'd.  
 Thus form'd by learning, and matur'd with years,  
 His ripen'd genius in full bloom appears.

Whether the muse *Horatian* notes inspire,  
 To grateful notes he tunes th' *Horatian* lyre.  
 Pleas'd the first tributary lay to bring  
 To him whose bounty gave him first to sing.  
 Or if sublimer themes demand his song  
 (Such as of old dwell'd on the hallow'd tongue  
 Of *Israel's* psalmist), with no vulgar hand  
 He strikes the sacred harp ; at his command,  
 In language not their own, the truths divine  
 Appear, and with unfaded lustre shine.

But not in borrow'd majesty alone  
 The bard is seen ; with graces, all his own,  
 Adorn'd, fair fancy's richest stores he drains,  
 And charms us with the music of his strains.



Hark what melodious sounds invite the ear,  
 Whilst to fair happiness he bids prepare  
 The pious song, whilst nobly wild and rude  
 He hymns the praise of gen'rous fortitude.  
 Ev'n dry philosophy from him receives  
 A pleasing form ; and nature gladder lives  
 In his descriptive verse ; where (strange to tell)  
 Those objects which our eyes alone reveal,  
 Eyeless he paints, the glorious blaze of day,  
 The gloom of ev'ning, and the moon's pale ray,  
 The twinkling stars, that in bright order lie  
 'Midst the clear azure of the distant sky.  
 Nor less the fruitful earth's productions grace  
 His wond'rous song : The variegated race  
 Of flow'rs, that on its painted bosom grow,  
 With colours radiant as the heav'nly bow ;  
 On each a just description he bestows,  
 From the faint vi'let to the blushing rose.

But O ! how sweetly moving are his strains,  
 Whilst of lost sight his mournful muse complains ;

And



And all the complicated ills that wait  
Ever attendant on that helpless state.

Yet, yet, illustrious youth, no more repine,  
That *Homer's*, or that *Milton's* lot is thine;  
Since from those tuneful bards the palm you bear,  
And more our wonder claim, as more their fate you share.  
If, where the body's light extinct we find,  
Such inward rays illuminate the mind,  
Who would not wish to be for ever blind?

Ev'n he whose pious muse attempts to raise  
This humble verse to thy immortal praise,  
Partakes thy loss; with close contracted sight  
All things he views, and scarce discerns aright  
Those objects which in mid-day lustre shine,  
The sun's bright orb, or female face divine.  
Yet might an equal portion of thy fire,  
With notes like thine, his swelling breast inspire,  
His soul with heav'nly visions blest would glow,  
And leave to seeing mortals all below.

Thou too, whom by these strains I strive to please,  
And give thy pains some interval of ease,

With



With me prefer this pray'r: That heav'n may grant  
 Such large amends for the clear fight we want;  
 Pour on our minds this poet's brighter day,  
 And bless us with his intellectual ray:  
 So shall our grief a frequent respite know,  
 And our alternate song relieve each other's woe.

Thus sweetest *Philomel*, once spotless maid,  
 Till by a brother's brutal lust betray'd,  
 Within the covert of the shady grove  
 Sings darkling, and forgets her injur'd love.







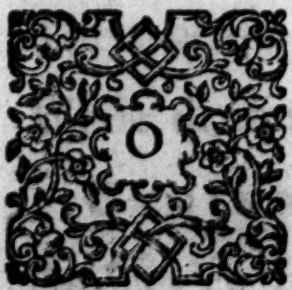
P O E M S  
O N  
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

---

H O R A C E, O D E I. Imitated.

Inscribed to

Dr. JOHN STEVENSON, Physician in *Edinburgh*.



T H O U, whose goodness unconfi'd  
Extends its wish to human kind;  
By whose indulgence I aspire  
To strike the sweet Horatian lyre:

T H E R E are who on th' Olympic plain  
Delight the chariot's speed to rein;  
Involv'd in glorious dust, to roll;  
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;

ONE

B

Who



Who by repeated trophies rise,  
 And share with Gods their pomp and skies.  
 This man, if changeful crouds admire,  
 Fermented ev'n to mad desire,  
 Their fool or villain to elate  
 To all the honours of the state;  
 That, if his granary secures  
 Whate'er th' autumnal sun matures,  
 Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,  
 Remote from each ambitious view;  
 Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,  
 To launch the bark, and cut the main.

THE merchant, while the western breeze  
 Ferments to rage th' Icarian seas,  
 Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,  
 Extolls to heav'n his country-seat,  
 Its sweet retirement, fearless ease,  
 The fields, the air, the streams, the trees;  
 Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,  
 Resolv'd to brave the tumid main,  
 Resolv'd all hazards to endure,  
 Nor shun a plague, but, to be poor.



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

13

ONE with the free, the gen'rous bowl,  
 Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul:  
 Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid  
 Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade;  
 Now where some sacred fountain flows, 35  
 Whose cadence soft invites repose;  
 While half the sultry summer's day  
 On silent pinions steals away.

SOME bosoms boast a nobler flame,  
 In fields of death to toil for fame, 40  
 In war's grim front to tempt their fate;  
 Curst war! which brides and mothers hate;  
 As in each kindling hero's fight  
 Already glows the promis'd fight,  
 Their hearts with more than transport bound, 45  
 While drums and trumpets mix their sound.

UNMINDFUL of his tender wife,  
 And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life,  
 The huntsman, in th' unshelter'd plains,  
 Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains; 50  
 Now scales the steepy mountain's side,  
 Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;



Whether his faithful hounds in view,  
 With speed some timid prey pursue;  
 Or some fell monster of the wood  
 At once his hopes and snares elude.  
 Good to bestow, like Heav'n, is thine,  
 Concurring in one great design;  
 To cool the fever's burning rage,  
 To knit the feeble nerves of age,  
 To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,  
 In rosy lustre smile around.  
 My humbler function shall I name;  
 My sole delight; my highest aim?  
 Inspir'd thro' breezy shades to stray,  
 Where choral nymphs and graces play;  
 Above th' unthinking herd to soar,  
 Who sink forgot, and are no more;  
 To snatch from fate an honest fame,  
 Is all I hope, and all I claim;  
 If to my vows EUTERPE deign  
 The Doric reed's mellifluent strain,  
 Nor POLYHYMNIA, darling Muse!  
 To tune the Lesbian harp refuse.  
 But,



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

5

But, if you rank me with the choir, 75  
 Who touch with happy hand the lyre;  
 Exulting to the starry frame,  
 Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,  
 With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,  
 Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd no more; 80  
 While envy, vainly merit's foe,  
 With fable wings shall flag below;  
 And, doom'd to breathe a groffer air,  
 To reach my glorious height despair.



## PSALM I. Imitated.

**H**OW blest the man, how more than blest!

Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ;  
 God's endless sunshine fills his breast,  
 And smiling conscience whispers peace and joy.

Fair



Fair Rectitude's unerring way,  
 His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;  
 While crouds in guilt and error stray,  
 Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While with unmeaning laughter gay,  
 Scorn, on her throne erected high,  
 Emits a false delusive ray,  
 To catch th' astonish'd gaze of Folly's eye;

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,  
 Unmov'd beholds the meteor blaze,  
 And, with all-perfect Beauty fir'd,  
 Nature, and nature's God, intent surveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native seat,  
 Eternal Wisdom's self inspires;  
 While he, with purpose fix'd as fate,  
 Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.  
 In sunshine mild, and temperate air,  
 Where some refreshing fountain flows,  
 So nurs'd by nature's tenderest care,  
 A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows.

Around



## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

7

Around its boughs the summer gale, 25  
With pleasure waves the genial wing;  
There no unfriendly colds prevail,  
To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade, 30  
Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay;  
Nor shall its honours ever fade,  
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,  
Thus Virtue soon or late shall rise;  
Enjoy her conquest nobly gain'd, 35  
And share immortal triumph in the skies.

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,  
Who Vice's tempting call obey,  
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,  
To every roaring storm an easy prey. 40

Thus when the warring winds arise,  
With all their lawless fury driv'n,  
Light chaff or dust incessant flies,  
Whirl'd in swift eddies thro' the vault of heav'n.

When



When in tremendous pomp array'd, 45  
 Descending from the op'ning sky,  
 With full omnipotence display'd,  
 Her God shall call on nature to reply:

Then Vice, with shame and grief depress'd,  
 Transfix'd with horror and despair, 50  
 Shall feel hell kindling in her breast,  
 Nor to her Judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

For, with a father's fond regard,  
 To bliss he views fair Virtue tend;  
 While Vice obtains her just reward, 55  
 And all her paths in deep perdition end.







## An HYMN to the SUPREME BEING.

In Imitation of the CIVth Psalm.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis  
 Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,  
 Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum  
 Temperat horis?* HOR.

**A**RISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise,  
 And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;  
 In whom alone essential glory shines,  
 Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.

WHEN darkness rul'd with universal sway, 5  
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;  
 First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!  
 Which like a garment cloath'd its sov'reign Lord.  
 On liquid air he bade the columns rise,  
 That prop the starry concave of the skies; 10  
 Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,  
 And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.



Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,  
 To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky ;  
 Impetuous Tempests the command obey,  
 Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way. 15

Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,  
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly  
 From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,  
 As lightning swift, resistless as the wind. 20

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,  
 And bade its center rest for ever strong ;  
 Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain  
 Assault the basis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves, 25  
 Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves ;  
 Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,  
 And shoreless billows revel round the globe ;  
 O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,  
 Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies. 30  
 But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,  
 That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n ;  
 The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,  
 And in confusion scour their uncouth way ;

And



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

II

And posting rapid to the place decreed, 35  
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.  
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside,  
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,  
Restrain its rage ; whilst, with incessant roar,  
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore. 40

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,  
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,  
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,  
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd, 45  
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,  
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide ;  
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay : 50

And, while thy praise they symphonize around,  
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,  
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends :

At the glad sign the airy conduits flow, 55  
Softens the hills, and chear the meads below :



By genial fervour and prolific rain,  
 Swift vegetation cloathes the smiling plain :  
 Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,  
 And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows. 60

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,  
 And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.  
 Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,  
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care :  
 Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow, 65  
 And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.  
 Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,  
 Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.

Here the wing'd croud, that skim the yielding air  
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ; 70  
 Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising care.  
 Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,  
 While timid conies scour the plains below,  
 Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

Here bade the silver majesty of night 75  
 Revolve her circles, and encrease her light ;  
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,  
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.

At



At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,  
Primaeval night resumes her gloomy reign: 80  
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,  
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,  
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frightened prey.  
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,  
Taught from thy providence to ask his food: 85  
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,  
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;  
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,  
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn, 90  
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:  
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,  
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.  
Laborious man with mod'rate slumber blest,  
Springs chearful to his toil from downy rest; 95  
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,  
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"HAIL! sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind!  
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:

How



How various all, how variously endow'd, 100  
 How great their number, and each part how good!  
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine,  
 Who, with one act of energy divine,  
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

WHERE-E'ER the pleasing search my thoughts pursue, 105  
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view;  
 Nor does our world alone its influence share;  
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,  
 Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,  
 And circles nature with a kind embrace. 110

THE azure kingdoms of the deep below,  
 Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:  
 Here multitudes of various beings stray,  
 Croud the profound, or on the surface play:  
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore, 115  
 And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore;  
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,  
 For the mild charms of cultivated life;  
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,  
 And India joins in friendship with the pole. 120



Here the huge potent of the scaly train  
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,  
An animated isle, and in his way,  
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea :  
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame, 125  
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,  
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,  
The volley'd lightning, and the furling tide ;  
And, while the wrathful elements engage,  
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage. 130  
All these thy watchful providence supplies,  
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes ;  
For them thou op'nest thy exhaustless store,  
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

BUT, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide, 135  
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,  
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,  
And vents her grief in universal cries :  
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,  
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign ; 140  
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,  
And all their hosts to native dust return.

BUT



BUT when again thy glory is display'd,  
 Reviv'd creation lifts her chearful head;  
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,  
 And life rekindles at the genial ray :  
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,  
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.

WHEN time shall in eternity be lost,  
 And hoary nature languish into dust;  
 For ever young thy glory shall remain,  
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.  
 Thou, from the regions of eternal day,  
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey :  
 Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend  
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

IF thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,  
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies :  
 Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,  
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

WHILE this immortal spark of heav'nly flame  
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;  
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne  
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :



The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound, 165  
 And nature in full choir shall join around.  
 When full of thee my soul excursive flies  
 Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;  
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,  
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind. 170  
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight  
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,  
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:  
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!



## P S A L M CXXXIX. Imitated.

**M**E, O my God! thy piercing eye,  
 In motion, or at rest, surveys;  
 If to the lonely couch I fly,

Or travel through frequented ways;  
 Where-e'er I move, thy boundless reign, 5  
 Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

D

Where



Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,  
 Whose view pervades my inmost heart!  
 The latent, kindling, young desire,  
 The word, ere from my lips it part,  
 To thee their various forms display,  
 And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,  
 Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,  
 Whatever objects round me rise  
 Through the wide fields of air and light;  
 With thee impress'd, each various frame  
 The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father of all, omniscient Mind,  
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?  
 Its highest point what eye can find,  
 Or to its lowest depths descend?  
 That wisdom, which, ere things began,  
 Saw full express'd th' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,  
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?  
 What dark recess, what distant clime,  
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

Where



Where from thy spirit shall I fly,  
Diffusive, vital, felt thro' earth and sky? 30

If up to heav'n's aetherial height,  
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;  
In splendor there, severely bright,  
Thy presence shall my sight surprise:

There, beaming from their source divine, 35  
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendent globe if laid,  
If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,  
I call on night's impervious shade  
To spread essential blackness round; 40

Conspicuous to thy wide survey,  
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,  
Thee, all her conscious powers adore;

Whose being circumscribes the whole, 45  
Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:

Alike illum'd by native light,  
Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.



If through the fields of aether borne,  
 The living winds my flight sustain ; 50  
 If on the rosy wings of morn,  
 I seek the distant western main ;  
 There, O my God ! thou still art found,  
 Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.  
 Thy essence fills this breathing frame, 55  
 It glows in ev'ry conscious part ;  
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,  
 And feeds with life my beating heart :  
 Unfelt along my veins it glides,  
 And through their mazes rolls the purple tides. 60  
 While, in the silent womb inclos'd,  
 A growing embryo yet I lay,  
 Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,  
 Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray ;  
 Till, finish'd by thy wond'rous plan, 65  
 I rose the dread majestic form of man.  
 To thee, from whom my being came,  
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,  
 Replete with all my wond'rous theme,  
 To thee my votive strains shall flow : 70

Great



## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

21

Great ARCHETYPE ! who first design'd,  
Expressive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the stars of heav'n explore,

The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,

Th' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,

75

The drops that swell the spacious main ?

Let him thy wonders publish round,

Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,

From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,

80

The conflagration, fann'd by wind,

Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies :

In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,

Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,

85

Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire ;

At whose approach my kindling soul

Awakes to unextinguish'd ire :

Fly ; nor provoke the thunder's aim,

You, who in scorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

90

The



The wretch, who dares thy pow'r defy,  
And on thy vengeance loudly call,

On him not pity's melting eye,

Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall :

Still shall thy foes be mine, still share 95

Unpity'd torture, and unmixt despair.

Behold, O God ! behold me stand,

And to thy strict regard disclose

Whate'er was acted by my hand,

Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose : 100

If vice indulg'd their candour stain,

Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O ! if nature, weak and frail,

To strong temptations oft give way ;

If doubt, or passion, oft prevail 105

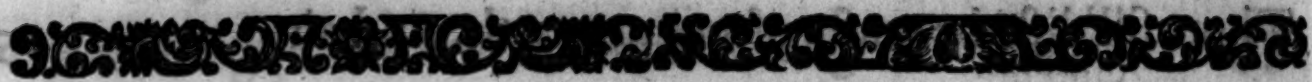
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray :

Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,

But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER'S love.

An





## An HYMN to DIVINE LOVE.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

**N**O more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage  
 With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;  
 At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,  
 And willing Muse, their first devotion paid.  
 Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade: 5  
 Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,  
 And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

II.

O LOVE! coeval with thy parent God,  
 To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;  
 At whose celestial voice and pow'rful nod, 10  
 Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,  
 Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,  
 But in the plan of the eternal Mind,  
 When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work design'd.

III. Thou



## III.

Thou fill'd'st the waste of ocean, earth, and air, 15  
 With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly :  
 From rolling worlds descends thy gen'rous care,  
 To infect crouds that 'scape the nicest eye :  
 For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,  
 To bless, and to be bless'd, their noblest end ; 20  
 To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

## IV.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,  
 Next man, thy darling, into being rose,  
 Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,  
 Which neither end nor interruption knows, 25  
 Till evil couch'd in fraud began his woes :  
 Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,  
 And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

## V.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,  
 God's darling offspring left his seat on high ; 30  
 And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd  
 Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.  
 By thee, in triumph to his native sky,

On



On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,

Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd. 35

VI. To thee, munific, ever-flaming LOVE!

One endless hymn united nature sings:

To thee the bright inhabitants above

Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.

From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings, 40

Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;

Aid then, O LOVE! my voice to emulate the sound.

VII.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;

Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;

My soul expanding gives the torrent way; 45

Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.

Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,

Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;

There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted strain.

An





## AN HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

**H**AIL! source of transport ever new;  
 Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue;

I taste a joy sincere;

Too vast for little minds to know,

Who on themselves alone bestow

Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!

From thee felicity began;

Which still thy hand sustains:

By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,

Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,

And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sun-beam flies,

Through peopled earth and starry skies,

All nature owns thy nod:

We see thy energy prevail

Through Being's ever-rising scale,

From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy



Envy, that tortures her own heart  
With plagues and ever-burning smart, 20

Thy charms divine expel:  
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,  
And, wing'd with tenfold fury flies  
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast, 25  
In blessing others only blest,

With goodness large and free,  
Delights the widow's tears to stay,  
To teach the blind their smoothest way,  
And aid the feeble knee. 30

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,  
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,  
Thro' ev'ry action shine;  
Each low, each selfish wish controul,  
With all thy essence warm my soul, 35  
And make me wholly thine.

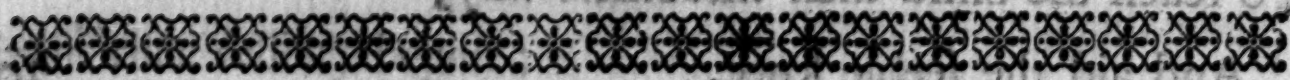
Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,  
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,



My faintest wishes sway;  
 By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,  
 In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,  
 And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,  
 Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,

Nor with their pleasures glow:  
 Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,  
 My own tormentor let me be,  
 And groan in hopeless woe.



## An HYMN to FORTITUDE.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,  
 In awful silence wraps her reign;

Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,  
 Condense to solid gloom the skies.

PORTENTOUS, through the foggy air,  
 To wake the Daemon of despair,  
 The raven hoarse, and boding owl,  
 To HECATE curst anthems howl.

INTENT



INTENT with execrable art,  
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,  
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,  
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;  
Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,  
And adds new labours to their hell.

AND, shield me heav'n! what hollow sound,  
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?  
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,  
When rising fiends exert their pow'r.  
And now, sure now, some cause unblest  
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast:  
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!  
What spectres swim before my sight!  
My frozen limbs pale terror chains,  
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:  
My icy blood forgets to roll,  
And death ev'n seems to seize my soul:  
What sacred pow'r, what healing art,  
Shall bid my soul herself assert;  
Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,  
And teach her whence her being came?

O FOR-



O FORTITUDE! divinely bright,  
 O Virtue's child, and man's delight!  
 Descend, an amicable guest,  
 And with thy firmness steel my breast:  
 Descend, propitious to my lays,  
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,  
 With energy divinely strong,  
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

WHEN raving in eternal pains,  
 And loaded with ten thousand chains.  
 Vice, deep in PHLEGETON, yet lay,  
 Nor with her visage blasted day;  
 No fear to guiltless man was known,  
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.  
 But, when from native flames and night,  
 The cursed monster wing'd her flight,  
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,  
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;  
 Plac'd death and hell before each eye,  
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky;  
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,  
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

WHEN,



WHEN, from th' imperial seats on high,  
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye,  
To view the state of things below; 55  
Still blest to make his creatures so:  
From earth he saw ASTRAEA fly,  
And seek her mansions in the sky;  
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,  
And white-rob'd Innocence was gone: 60  
While Vice, reveal'd in open day,  
Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;  
And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,  
And fled for refuge to his arms,  
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd— 65  
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd.  
“THOU, whom my soul adores alone,  
Effulgent sharer of my throne,  
Fair empress of eternity!  
Who uncreated reign'st like me; 70  
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,  
With pleasure infinite obey:  
To yon diurnal scenes below,  
Who feel their folly in their woe,

Again



Again propitious turn thy flight, 75  
Again oppose yon tyrant's might;  
To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,  
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:  
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,  
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee. 80  
But since all crimes their hell contain,  
Since all must feel who merit pain,  
Let FORTITUDE thy steps attend,  
And be, like thee, to man a friend;  
To urge him on the arduous road, 85  
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;  
To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,  
And be to all a near relief."

He said; and she, with smiles divine,  
Which made all heav'n more brightly shine, 90  
To earth return'd with all her train,  
And brought the golden age again.  
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,  
The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,  
She, guardian of their joys no more, 95  
Could only leave them, and deplore:

Again

They,



They, now the easy prey of pain,  
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;  
 Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came  
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim. 100

Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,  
 And fled like birds obscene from light,  
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,  
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

THOU, Goddess! since, with sacred aid, 105  
 Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,  
 To joy converted ev'ry smart,  
 And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:  
 By thee we act, by thee sustain,  
 Thou sacred antidote of pain! 110

At thy great nod the \* ALPS subside,  
 Reluctant rivers turn their tide;  
 With all thy force ALCIDES warm'd,  
 His hand against oppression arm'd:  
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung, 115  
 By thee his strength for ever young;

\* Alluding to the history of HANNIBAL.



And whilst on brutal force he press'd,  
 His vigour with his foes increas'd.  
 By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,  
 Ambition's havock to withstand, 120  
 † TIMOLEON rose, the scourge of fate,  
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;  
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,  
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood;  
 A soul by so much virtue fir'd, 125  
 Not GREECE alone, but Heav'n admir'd.

BUT in these dregs of human kind,  
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,  
 How rare such views the heart elate!  
 To brave the last extremes of Fate; 130  
 Like heav'n's almighty pow'r, serene,  
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,  
 When nature quakes beneath the storm,  
 And horror wears its direst form.  
 Though future worlds are now descry'd, 135  
 Though PAUL has writ, and JESUS dy'd,

† TIMOLEON, having long in vain importun'd his brother to resign the despotism of CORINTH, at last restored the liberty of the people, by stabbing him. *Vid. PLUT.*



Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,  
And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;  
Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,  
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears! 140  
For him the day-light shines in vain,  
For him the fields no joys contain;  
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,  
No more the woods their music boast;  
No more the meads their vernal bloom, 145  
No more the gales their rich perfume:  
Impending mists deform the sky,  
And beauty withers in his eye.  
In hopes his terror to elude,  
By day he mingles with the croud; 150  
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,  
In busy crouds, and open day.  
If night his lonely walk surprise,  
What horrid visions round him rise!  
That blasted oak, which meets his way, 155  
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,  
The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,  
Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;



The clashing chain, the groan profound,  
 Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound; 160  
 And now the spot he seems to tread,  
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:  
 He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,  
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;  
 Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd, 165  
 Sees lurid phantoms croud the shade;  
 While shrouded *manes* palely stare,  
 And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:  
 Thus real woes from false he bears,  
 And feels the death, the hell he fears. 170  
 O thou! whose spirit warms my song,  
 With energy divinely strong  
 Erect his soul, confirm his breast,  
 And let him know the sweets of rest;  
 Till ev'ry human pain and care, 175  
 All that may be, and all that are,  
 But false imagin'd ills appear  
 Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.  
 And, if I right invoke thy aid,  
 By thee be all my woes allay'd; 180

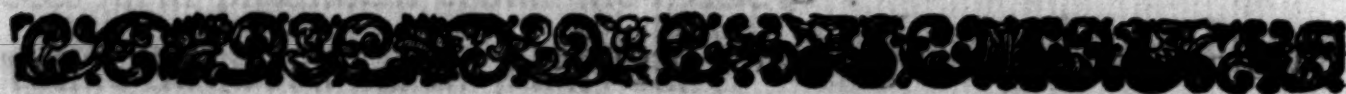
With



With scorn instruct me to defy  
Imposing fear, and lawless joy;  
To struggle thro' this scene of strife,  
The pains of death, the pangs of life,  
With constant brow to meet my fate, 185  
And meet still more, EUANTHE'S hate.  
And, when some swain her charms shall claim,  
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,  
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,  
On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles; 190  
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,  
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows;  
When perfect mutual joy they share,  
Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair!  
Mix beings in each flaming kiss, 195  
And blest, still rise to higher bliss:  
Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,  
And teach me Being to endure;  
Lest reason from the helm should start  
And lawless fury rule my heart; 200  
Lest madness all my soul subdue,  
To ask her Maker, What dost thou?  
Yet,



Yet, couldst thou in that dreadful hour,  
 On my rack'd soul all LETHAL pour,  
 Or fan me with the gelid breeze, 205  
 That chains in ice th' indignant seas;  
 Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,  
 I still am man, and still must feel.



## The WISH SATISFIED.

### AN IRREGULAR ODE.

**T**OO long, my soul! thou'rt tost below,  
 From hope to hope, from fear to fear;  
 How great, how lasting ev'ry woe!  
 Each joy how short, how insincere!

### II.

Turn around thy searching eyes  
 Thro' all the bright varieties;  
 And,



And, with exactest care,  
 Select from all the shining croud,  
 Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good,  
 And fix thy wishes there.

## III.

With toil amass a mighty store  
 Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;  
 Plant the fields with golden grain,  
 Croud with lowing herds the plain,  
 Bid the marble domes ascend,  
 Bid the pleasant view extend,  
 Streams and groves and woods appear,  
 And spring and autumn fill the year:  
 Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;  
 Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

## IV.

On roses now reclin'd,  
 I languish into rest;  
 No vacuum in my mind,  
 No craving wish unblest:  
 But ah! in vain,  
 Some absent joy still gives me pain,  
 By toys elated, or by toys deprest.

## V. What



What melting joy can sooth my grief?

What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?

'Tis found ; the bliss already warms,

30

Sunk in love's persuasive arms,

Enjoying and enjoy'd :

To taste variety of charms

Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

## VI.

As the speedy moments roll,

35

Let some new joy conspire ;

HEBE, fill the rosy bowl ;

ORPHEUS, tune the lyre ;

To new-born rapture wake the soul,

And kindle young desire :

40

While, a beauteous choir around,

Tuneful virgins join the sound,

Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,

Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs :

Thro' melting error let their voices rove,

45

And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

## VII. Still,



## VII.

Still, still infatiate of delight

My wishes open, as my joys increase:

What now shall stop their restless flight,

And yield them kind redress?

For something still unknown I sigh,

Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye:

Whence shall I seek, or how pursue

The phantom, that eludes my view,

And cheats my fond embrace?

## VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,

By sense and passion blindly led,

I chas'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,

And courted death ten thousand ways:

Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,

My restless toil, my fruitless sighs;

And, from the realms of endless day,

A bright Immortal wing'd his way;

Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,

And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

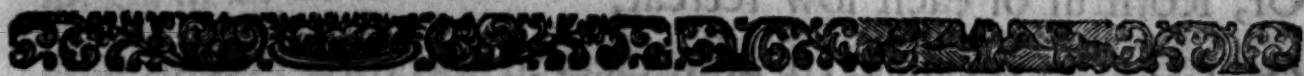


## IX.

Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitless search forbear ;  
 Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,  
 A certain happiness to find,  
 Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind :  
 In God, in perfect good alone, 70  
     The anxious soul can find repose ;  
 Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,  
     One hour of full enjoyment owes :  
 He, only he, can fill each wide desire,  
     Who to each wish its being gave ; 75  
 Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,  
 Not all which angels in the skies admire,  
     But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.  
 Him then pursue, without delay ;  
 He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way. 80  
 Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,  
 And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than lightning, fled.







## TO HAPPINESS: An ODE.

## I.

**T**HE morning dawns, the ev'ning shades  
 Fair Nature's various face disguise;  
 No scene to rest my heart persuades,  
 No moment frees from tears my eyes:  
 Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour, 5  
 Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;  
 Each former object of delight,  
 Beyond redemption, wings its flight;  
 And, where it smil'd the darling of my sight,  
 Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise. 10

## II.

O HAPPINESS! immortal Fair,  
 Where does thy subtil essence dwell?  
 Dost thou relax the Hermit's care,  
 Companion in the lonely cell?  
 Or, dost thou on the sunny plain 15  
 Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?



Or, scornful of each low retreat,  
 On fortune's favour dost thou wait;  
 And, in the gilded chambers of the great,  
 Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell? 20

## III.

Ah me! the Hermit's cell explore;  
 Thy absence he, like me, complains;  
 While murm'ring streams along the shore,  
 Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:  
 Nor, where the gilded domes aspire, 25  
 Deign'st thou, O Goddess! to retire:  
 Though there the loves and graces play,  
 Though wine and music court thy stay;  
 Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,  
 Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains? 30

## IV.

If to mankind I turn my view,  
 Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;  
 Rapine and blood \* mankind pursue,  
 As God had form'd them to destroy.

\* This Ode was written in the year 1745.



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

45

Discord, at whose tremendous view

35

Hell quakes with horror ever new,

No more by endless night deprest,

Pours all her venom thro' each breast;

And, while deep groans and carnage is increas'd,

Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

40

## V.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,

To my dejected soul I said;

See, to the shade EUANTHE flies,

Go, find EUANTHE in the shade:

Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,

45

Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;

There, shall no wants thy steps pursue,

No wakeful care contract thy brow;

Musick each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,

Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

50

## VI.

Exulting in the charming thought,

Thither with hasty steps I press;

And while th' enchanting maid I sought,

Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:

Increasing



Increasing hopes my journey chear'd, 55  
 And now in reach the bliss appear'd ;  
 Grant this sole boon, O fate ! I cry'd ;  
 Be all thy other gifts deny'd,  
 In this shall all my wishes be supply'd ;  
 And sure a love like mine deserves no less. 60

## VII.

In vain, alas ! in vain my pray'r,  
 Fate mix'd the accents with the wind ;  
 Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,  
 And left my soul to grief resign'd :  
 As far from all my hopes she flies, 65  
 As deepest seas from loftiest skies :  
 Yet, still, on fancy deep imprest,  
 The sad, the dear ideas rest ;  
 Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,  
 Hangs black o'er life, and preys upon my mind. 70

## VIII.

Ah ! Goddess, scarce to mortals known,  
 Who with thy shadow madly stray,  
 At length from heav'n, thy sacred throne,  
 Dart through my soul one chearful ray :  
 Ah !



SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

47

Ah! with some sacred lenient art,

75

Allay the anguish of my heart;

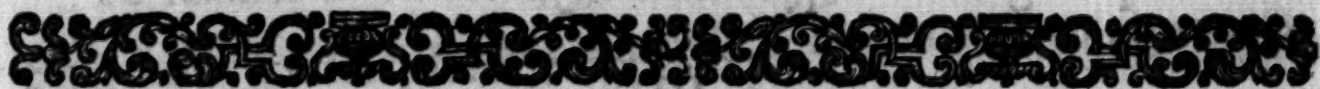
Ah! teach me, patient to sustain

Life's various stores of grief and pain;

Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,

Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

80



On EUANTHE'S ABSENCE.

An ODE.

I.

**B**LEST heav'n! and thou fair world below!

Is there no cure to sooth my smart?

No balm to heal a lover's woe,

That bids his eyes for ever flow,

Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?

5

And will no friendly arm above

Relieve my tortur'd soul from love?

II. As



## II.

As swift-descending show'rs of rain,  
 Deform with mud the clearest streams;  
 As rising mists heav'n's azure stain,  
 Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;  
 As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:  
 On life thus tender sorrows prey,  
 And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

## III.

Ye plains, where dear EUANTHE strays,  
 Ye various objects of her view,  
 Bedeck'd in beauty's brightest blaze;  
 Let all its forms, and all its rays,  
 Where-e'er she turns, her eyes pursue:  
 All fair, as she, let nature shine:  
 Ah! then, how lovely! how divine!

## IV.

Where-e'er the thymy vales descend,  
 And breathe ambrosial fragrance round,  
 Proportion just, thy line extend,  
 And teach the prospect where to end;  
 While woods or mountains mark the bound:

That



That each fair scene which strikes her eye,

May charm with sweet variety.

## V.

Ye streams, that, in perpetual flow,

Still warble on your mazy way,

30

Murmur EUANTHE, as you go;

Murmur a love-sick Poet's woe:

Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;

Sing how I suffer, how complain;

Yet name not him who feels the pain.

35

## VI.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r!

If spotless virtue claims thy care,

Around unheard of blessings show'r;

Let some new pleasure crown each hour,

And make her blest, as good and fair:

40

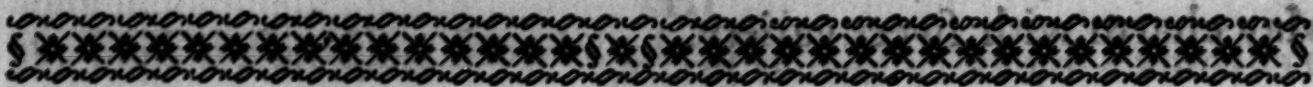
Of all thy works, to mortals known,

The best and fairest she alone.





That each fair scene which strikes her eye,



To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN bound for  
Guinea:

An O D E.

I. Sing how I suffer, how complain;

**A**TTEND the muse, whose numbers flow  
Faithful to sacred friendship's woe;

And let the *Scotian* lyre  
Obtain thy pity and thy care:  
While thy lov'd walks and native air  
The solemn sounds inspire.

II.

That native air, these walks, no more  
Blest with their fav'rite, now deplore,  
And join the plaintive strain:

While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,  
Where unknown stars, thro' unknown skies,  
Their trackless course maintain.

10

III. Yet



## III.

Yet think : by ev'ry keener smart,  
That thrills a friend or brother's heart ;

By all the griefs that rise, 15  
And with dumb anguish heave thy breast,  
When absence robs thy soul of rest,  
And swells with tears the eyes :

## IV.

By all our sorrows ever new,  
Think whom you fly, and what pursue ; 20

And judge by your's our pain :  
From friendship's dear tenacious arms,  
You fly, perhaps, to war's alarms,  
To angry skies and main.

## V.

The smiling plain, the solemn shade, 25  
With all the various charms display'd,  
That summer's face adorn ;  
Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,  
With transport longs thy sense to meet,  
And courts thy dear return. 30



## VI.

The gentle fun, the fanning gale,  
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,

Thy presence all implore :

Can then a waste of sea and sky,  
That knows no limits, charm thine eye,  
Thine ear the tempest's roar ?

35

## VII.

But why such weak attractions name,

While ev'ry warmer social claim

Demands the mournful lay ?

Ah ! hear a brother's moving sighs,

Thro' tears, behold a sister's eyes

Emit a faded ray.

40

## VIII.

Thy young allies, by nature taught

To feel the tender pang of thought,

Which friends in absence claim ;

To thee, with sorrow all-sincere,

Oft pay the tributary tear,

Oft lisp with joy thy name.

45

## IX. Nor



IX.

Nor these thy absence mourn alone,  
O dearly lov'd! tho' faintly known;

50

One yet unfung remains:  
Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,  
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty, from his view,  
And darkness round him reigns.

X.

The muse with pity view'd his doom;  
And, darting thro' th' eternal gloom  
An intellectual ray,

55

Bad him with music's voice inspire  
The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,  
And tune th' impassion'd lay.

60

XI.

Thus, tho' despairing of relief,  
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,

The absence we complain:

While now, perhaps, th' auspicious gale  
Invites to spread the flying sail,

65

And all our tears are vain.

XII. Protect



## XII.

Protect him heav'n : but hence each fear ;

Since endless goodness, endless care

This mighty fabric guides ;

Commands the tempest where to stray,

Directs the lightning's slanting way,

And rules the refluxent tides.

70

## XIII.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,

With pleas'd survey, OMNISCIENCE deign

Thy wondrous worth to view :

See, from the realms of endless day,

Immortal guardians wing their way,

And all thy steps pursue.

75

## XIV.

If sable clouds, whose wombs contain

The murm'ring bolt, or dashing rain,

The blue serene deform ;

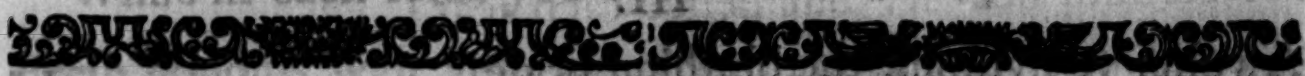
Myriads from heav'n's ethereal height,

Shall clear the gloom, restore the light,

And chase th' impending storm.

80





## AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Sent to a LADY on her Marriage-Day.

WITH all your wings, ye moments, fly,  
 And drive the tardy sun along;  
 Till that glad morn shall paint the sky,  
 Which wakes the muse, and claims the raptur'd song.

## II.

See nature with our wishes join,  
 To aid the dear, the blest design;  
 See Time precipitate his way,  
 To bring th' expected happy day;  
 See, the wish'd-for dawn appears,  
 A more than wonted glow she wears:  
 Hark! Hymeneals sound;  
 Each muse awakes her softest lyre;  
 Each airy warbler swells the choir;  
 'Tis music all around.

## III. Awake



## III.

Awake, ye nymphs, the blushing bride, 15  
 T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride;  
 While virgin frame retards her way,  
 And Love, half-angry, chides her stay:  
 While hopes and fears alternate reign,  
 Intermingling bliss and pain; 20  
 O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,  
 Pant in her shiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

## IV.

At length consent, reluctant fair,  
 To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes!  
 Too long his sighs are lost in air, 25  
 At length resign the bliss for which he dies:  
 The muses, prescient of your future joys,  
 Dilate my soul, and prompt the chearful lay;  
 While they, thro' coming times, with glad surprize,  
 The long successive brightning scenes survey. 30

## V.

Lo! to your sight a blooming offspring rise,  
 And add new ardour to the nuptial ties;

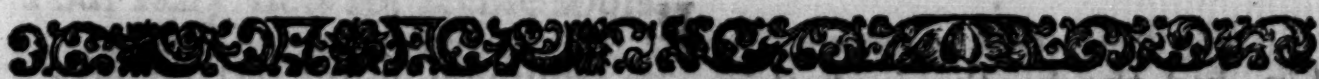
While



While in each form you both united shine;  
 Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn:  
 For you glad CERES fills the flowing horn,  
 And heav'n and fate to bless your days combine. 35

## VI.

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,  
 Till Death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing scene:  
 Safe, fable guide to that celestial shore,  
 Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more! 40



## To a COQUET. An ODE.

## I.

**A**T length, vain, airy flutt'rer, fly;  
 Nor vex the public ear and eye

With all this noise and glare:  
 Thy wiser kindred gnats behold,  
 All shrouded in their parent mould,  
 Forfake the chilling air. 5



Of conquest there they safely dream;  
 Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,  
 Allures them forth to play;  
 But thou, alike in frost and flame,  
 Infatiate of the cruel game,  
 Still on mankind would'st prey.  
 Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,  
 Those adventitious beams that round thee shine,  
 Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:  
 Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

H.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes  
 Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,  
 And set the rivers free;  
 O'er fields, immers'd in frost and snow,  
 Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow;  
 Then hope to soften me.

No, heav'n and freedom witness bear,  
 This heart no second frown shall fear,

No



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

59

No second yoke sustain:

25

Enough of female scorn I know;

Scarce cease my recent stripes to glow,

Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,

Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,

30

Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,

Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!

## III.

Your paint that idle hearts controuls;

Your fairy nets for feeble souls,

By partial fancy wrought;

35

Your Syren voice, your tempting air,

Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,

With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,

Let each insnaring art conspire;

40

Not all can hurt my rest:

Touch'd by \* ITHURIEL's potent spear,

At once unmask'd the fiends appear,

In native blackness drest.

\* See PARADISE LOST, Book IV. vers. 810.



The speaking glance, the heaving breast, 45  
 The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;  
 False joys, which ruin all who taste,  
 How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

## IV.

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,  
 Which emulates the blaze of day, 50  
 Diffusing far its light?  
 Tho' it from blasts shall stand secure,  
 Time urges on the destin'd hour,  
 And, lo! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date, 55  
 Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,  
 A while to catch our view:  
 Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,  
 Then sudden from our gaze retires,  
 And yields to wonders new. 60

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,  
 Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends;  
 And, soon as fate the stroke prepares,  
 The flash in dust and nauseous vapours ends.





On the REFINEMENTS in *Metaphysical*  
*Philosophy*:

An O D E.

I.

**F**ALSE wisdom, fly, with all thy \* owls;  
The dust and cobwebs of the schools

For me have charms no more:

The gross MINERVA of our days,

In mighty bulk my learn'd † Essays

Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

II.

Led by her hand a length of time,

Thro' sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,

\* Formerly the bird of MINERVA, but by the moderns ascribed to DUL-  
NESS.

† The Author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to  
demonstrate matters of fact *à priori*.



I beat my painful way ;  
 Long, long, revolv'd the mystic page 10  
 Of many a *Dutch* and *German* Sage,  
 And hop'd at last for day.

## III.

But, as the mole, hid under ground,  
 Still works more dark as more profound,  
 So all my toils were vain : 15  
 For truth and sense indignant fly,  
 As far as ocean from the sky,  
 From all the formal train.

## IV.

The \* STAGYRITE, whose fruitful quill  
 O'er free-born nature lords it still, 20  
 Sustain'd by form and phrase  
 Of dire portent and solemn sound,  
 Where meaning seldom can be found,  
 From me shall gain no praise.

## V.

But you, who would be truly wise, 25  
 To nature's light unveil your eyes,

\* ARISTOTLE, inventor of Syllogisms, and as such only, mentioned here.



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

63

Her gentle call obey :  
 She leads by no false wand'ring glare,  
 No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,  
 To bid you vainly stray.

## VI.

Not in the gloomy cell reclusè,  
 For noble deeds or gen'rous views,  
 She bids us watch the night ;  
 Fair virtue shines, to all display'd,  
 Nor asks the tardy *Schoolman's* aid,  
 To teach us what is right.

## VII.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,  
 And which to shun, and which pursue,  
 Instructs her pupil's heart :  
 Then, *letter'd Pride*, say, what they gain,  
 To mask, with so much fruitless pain,  
 Thy ignorance with art ?

## VIII.

Thy stiff grimace and awful tone  
 An idiot's wonder move alone ;

And,



And, spite of all thy rules,  
 The wise in ev'ry age conclude  
 Thy fairest prospects, rightly view'd,  
 The Paradise of Fools.

## IX.

The gamester's hope when doom'd to lose,  
 The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,  
 The faithless calm at sea,  
 The courtier's word, the croud's applause,  
 The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,  
 Are not more false than thee.

## X.

Blest he! who sees, without surprize,  
 The various systems fall and rise,  
 And shifts the fickle gale;  
 While all their utmost force exert,  
 To wound the foe's unguarded part,  
 And all alike prevail.

## XI.

Thus (sacred \* Bards of yore have sung)  
 High heav'n with martial clamours rung,

\* See HOMER.

And



And deeds of mortal wrath ;  
When cranes and pygmies glory fought,  
And in the fields of æther fought,  
With mutual wounds and death.

65

XII.

Let Logic's sons, mechanic throng !  
Their *syllogistic* war prolong,  
And reason's empire boast :  
Inshrin'd in deep congenial gloom,  
Eternal wrangling be their doom,  
To truth and nature lost !

70

XIII.

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,  
Let \* MALEBRANCHE still for *Truth* inquire,  
And rack his aching sight :  
While the coy goddess wings her way,  
To scenes of uncreated day,  
Absorb'd in dazzling light.

75

\* He thought the medium, by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God ; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.



## XIV.

With firmer step and graver guise,  
 Whilst \* LOCKE in conscious triumph tries,

Her dwelling to explore ;  
 Swift she eludes his ardent chace,  
 A shadow courts his fond embrace,  
 Which † HOBBS carefs'd before.

## XV.

Let ‡ DODWELL with the *Fathers* join,

To strip of energy divine  
 The heav'n-descended soul ;  
 The *test of sense* let || BERKLEY scorn,  
 And both on borrow'd pinions borne,  
 Annihilate the whole.

## XVI.

In Academic vales retir'd,  
 With PLATO's *love* and *beauty* fir'd,

\* His account of virtue differs not much from that of the *Leviathan*.

† Author of the last-mentioned piece ; who denied the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.

‡ He attempted to prove the Natural Mortality of the Soul, and quoted the *Fathers* in favour of his opinion.

|| Author of Dialogues on the Non-existence of Matter.



My steps let candour guide ;  
 By tenets vain unprepossest,  
 Those lawless tyrants of the breast,  
 Offspring of zeal and pride !

## XVII.

Or, while thro' nature's walks I stray,  
 Would Truth's bright source emit one ray,  
 And all my soul inflame ;  
 Creation, and her bounteous laws,  
 Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,  
 Should be my fav'rite theme.



To Mrs. R

On the Death of a promising INFANT.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE, touch'd with all thy tender pain,  
 The muses breathe a mournful strain,



O! lift thy languid eye!  
 O! deign a calm auspicious ear;  
 The muse shall yield thee tear for tear,  
 And mingle sigh with sigh.

## II.

Not for the *Thracian* bard, whose lyre  
 Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,  
 By jealous fury slain,  
 While murm'ring on his trembling tongue  
 EURYDICE imperfect hung,  
 The nine could more complain.

## III.

Ah! say, harmonious sisters, say:  
 When swift, to pierce the lovely prey,  
 Fate took its cruel aim;  
 When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,  
 Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,  
 And pangs convuls'd his frame:

## IV.

Say, could no song of melting woe,  
 Revoke the keen determin'd blow,

That



That clos'd his sparkling eye?  
 Thus roses oft, by early doom,  
 Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,  
 Grow pale, recline, and die.

## IV.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!  
 Nor salient pulse, nor vital flame,  
 A mother's hopes restore :  
 In vain keen anguish tears her breast,  
 By ev'ry tender mark exprest,  
 He lives, he smiles no more!

## VI.

Such is the fate of human kind;  
 The fairest form, the brightest mind,  
 Can no exemption know :  
 The mighty mandate of the sky,  
 "That man when born begins to die,"  
 Extends to all below.

## VII.

In vain a mother's pray'rs ascend;  
 Should nature to her sorrows lend



The native voice of smart ;  
 In vain would plaints their force essay 40  
 To hold precarious life one day,  
 Or fate's dread hand avert.

## VIII.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,  
 Fix'd as the poles that all sustain,  
 Its purpose stands secure : 45  
 The humble Hynd who toils for bread,  
 The sceptred hand, the laurel'd head,  
 Alike confess its pow'r.

## IX.

Since time began, the stream of woes  
 Along its rapid current flows ; 50  
 Stills swells the groan profound :  
 While age, re-echoing still to age,  
 Transmits the annals of its rage,  
 And points the recent wound.

## X.

When human hopes sublimest tow'r, 55  
 Then, wanton in th' excess of pow'r,



## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

71

The tyrant throws them down;  
The orphan early robb'd of aid,  
The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,  
His sable triumph crown.

60

### XI.

At length to life and joy return;  
Man was not destin'd still to mourn,  
A prey to endless pain:  
Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,  
With bliss and anguish, calm and storm,  
Diversifies the scene:

65

### XII.

But hides with care from human eyes,  
What bliss beyond this prospect lies;  
Lest we, with life oppress'd,  
Should grieve its burden to endure,  
And, with excursion premature,  
Pursue eternal rest.

70

### XIII.

From disappointment, grief, and care,  
From ev'ry pang of sharp despair,

Thy



Thy charmer wings his way;  
 And, while new scenes his bosom fire,  
 He learns to strike the golden lyre,  
 And heav'n resounds his lay.

## XIV

Lo! where his sacred reliques lie,  
 Immortal guardians from the sky  
 Their silver wings display;  
 Till, bright emerging from the tomb,  
 They rise to heav'n, their destin'd home,  
 And hail eternal day.

## XII



## An O D E.

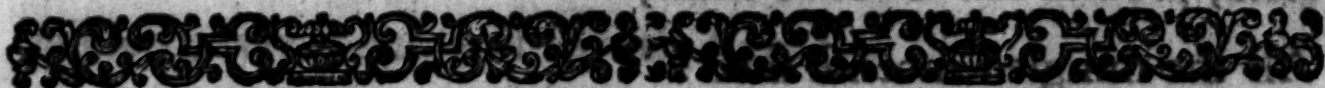
## Written when Sick.

O Prime of life! O taste of joy!  
 Whither so early do you fly?  
 Scarce half your transient sweetness known,  
 Why are you vanish'd ere full-blown?



THE beauteous progeny of spring,  
 That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,  
 Each tender bloom, each short-liv'd flow'r,  
 Still flourish till their destin'd hour:  
 Your winter too, too soon will come,  
 And chill in death your vernal bloom.

ON my wan cheek the colour dies,  
 Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;  
 Cold horrors thrill each sick'ning vein;  
 Deep broken sighs my bosom strain;  
 The salient pulse of health gives o'er,  
 And life and pleasure are no more.



## TO HEALTH;

## AN ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,  
 Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes;  
 In whose train, for ever gay,  
 Smiling Loves and Graces play:

L



If complaints thy soul can move, 5  
Or music charm, the voice of love!  
Hither, Goddess, ere too late,  
Turn, and stop impending fate.

OVER earth, and sea, and sky,  
Bid thy airy heralds fly; 10  
With each balm which nature yields,  
From the gardens, groves, and fields,  
From each flow'r of varied hue,  
From each herb that sips the dew,  
From each tree of fragrant bloom, 15  
Bid the gales their wings perfume;  
And, around fair CELIA's head,  
All the mingled incense shed:  
Till each living sweetness rise,  
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes, 20  
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,  
Yet awful as the blaze of day.

CELIA if the fates restore,  
Love and beauty weep no more:  
But if they snatch the lovely prize, 25  
All that's fair in CELIA dies.

To



~~TO A LITTLE GIRL WHOM I HAD OFFENDED:~~

To a little GIRL whom I had offended:

An ODE.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

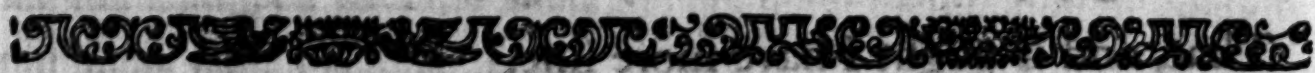
**H**OW long shall I attempt in vain  
Thy smiles, my angel, to regain?  
I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:  
Will nought fair tyrant, reconcile?

THAT goldfinch, with her painted wings,  
Which gayly looks, and sweetly sings;  
That, and if aught I have more fine,  
All, all, my charmer, shall be thine.

WHEN next Mamma shall prove severe,  
I'll interpose, and save my dear.  
Softener, my fair, those angry eyes,  
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs:  
Think, while that tender breast they strain,  
For thee what anguish I sustain,



SHOULD but thy fair companions view, 15  
 How ill that frown becomes thy brow;  
 With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,  
 Each would to each, astonish'd, cry,  
 Heav'ns! where is all her sweetness flown!  
 How strange a figure now she's grown! 20  
 Run, NANCY, let us run, lest we  
 Grow pettish aukward things, as she.  
 'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub smiles,  
 My griefs suspends, my fears beguiles:  
 How the quick pleasure heaves my breast! 25  
 Ah! still be kind, and I'll be blest!



## TO LESBIA.

Translated from CATULLUS.

**T**H O' four loquacious age reprove,  
 Let us, my LESBIA, live for love:  
 For, when the short-liv'd suns decline,  
 They but retire more bright to shine:

But



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

87

But we, when fleeting life is o'er,

5

And light and love can bless no more;

Are ravish'd from each dear delight,

To sleep one long eternal night.

GIVE me of kisses balmy store,

Ten thousand, and ten thousand more;

10

Still add ten thousand, doubly sweet;

The dear, dear number still repeat:

And, when the sum so high shall swell,

Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;

Let us on kisses kisses croud,

Till number sink in multitude;

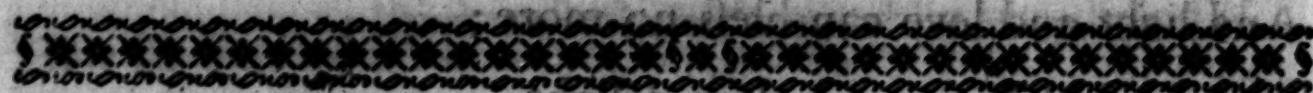
Lest our full bliss should limits know,

And others, numb'ring, envious grow.



A TRANS-





## A TRANSLATION of

## An Old SCOTISH SONG.

**S**INCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,  
 Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,  
 Ye smiling native scenes, adieu!  
 With each delightful object there.  
 Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye  
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;  
 Ye circling hills, whose summits high  
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray:  
 Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,  
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue;  
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid:  
 Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!

Ye



SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

79

Ye dear associates of my breast,

Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell;

And thou, with hoary age oppress,

Dear author of my life, farewell!

For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,

Far, far remote from friends and home,

Shall blast thy venerable years,

And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,

From dear relations torn away,

Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,

To hopeless love a destin'd prey:

While she, as angry heav'n and main

Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,

Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,

And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise!

What horrors life's fair prospect stain!

Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,

And brothers bleed, by brothers slain.

From



From curst gold I trace my woe;

Could I this splendid mischief boast;

Nor would my tears unpitied flow, 35

Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care

Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,

Had early fate surpris'd me there,

And wrapt me in eternal rest; 40

Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,

And tremble with unpitied pain;

Nor had a maid's relentless hate

Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love, 45

With ev'ry winning art I try'd

To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,

With killing eyes and plummy pride;

But, far on nimble pinions borne

From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains, 50

She fought the northern climes of scorn,

Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah



Ah me! had heav'n and she prov'd kind,

Then full of age, and free from care,  
How blest had I my life resign'd, 55

Where first I breath'd this vital air!

But, since no flatt'ring hope remains,

Let me my wretched lot pursue:  
Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes,

To all, but grief and love, adieu! 60



## S O N G:

To the Tune of the *Braes of Ballandyne.*

I.

**B**ENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain

One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain:

So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,

The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:

Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain; 5

Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

M

II. How



II.  
 How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!  
 Ere CHOLE's bright charms first flash'd in my view:  
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey;  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they: 10  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

III.  
 Through changes in vain relief I pursue;  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew:  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair; 15  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:  
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;]  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

IV.  
 But see! the pale moon all clouded retires;  
 The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON's desires: 20  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,  
 Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens despair?





## The RAVISH'D SHEPHERD

## A SONG.

## I.

**A**ZURE dawn, whose chearful ray  
Bids all nature's beauties rise,

Were thy glories doubly gay,

What art thou to CHLOE's eyes?

Boast no more thy rosy light,

If CHLOE smile thee into night.

## II.

Gentle Spring, whose kind return

Spreads diffusive pleasure round,

Bids each breast enamour'd burn,

And each flame with blifs be crown'd;

Should my CHLOE leave the plain,

Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.



## III.

Ev'ry charm, whose high delight

Sense enjoys, or soul admires ;

All that ardour can excite,

All excited love requires,

All that heav'n or earth call fair,

View CHLOE's face, and read it there.

15



## A PASTORAL SONG.

SANDY, the gay, the blooming swain,

Had lang frae love been free ;

Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain

Dance quick with harmless glee.

As blythsome lambs that scour the green,

His mind was unconstrain'd ;

Nae face could ever fix his een,

Nae sang his ear detain'd.

Ah!



Ah! luckless youth! a short-liv'd joy,

Thy cruel fates decree; 10

Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,

And love mair fell on thee,

'Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,

Ae morn of chearful May,

Forth GIRZY walk'd, the flow'rs to view, 15

A flow'r mair sweet than they!

Like sun-beams sheen her waving locks;

Her een like stars were bright;

The rose lent blushes to her cheek;

The lily purest white. 20

Jimp was her waste, like some tall pine

That keeps the woods in awe;

Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,

Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loosely thrown, 25

Gave to the shepherd's een

What fearless innocence would show;

The rest was all unseen.

He



He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,

His colour went and came; 30

Dark grew his een, his ears resound,

His breast was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his sang,

He jokes, and smiles nae mair;

Unplated now his cravat hung, 35

Undrest his chesnut hair.

To him how lang the shortest night!

How dark the brightest day!

Till, with the slow consuming fire,

His life was worn away. 40

Far, far frae shepherds and their flocks,

Opprest with care, he lean'd;

And, in a mirky, beachen shade,

To hills and dales thus plean'd:

At length, my wayward heart, return, 45

Too far, alas! astray:

Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,

Which works me such decay.



Ay me! 'twas Love, 'twas GIRZY's charms,

That first began my woes; 50

Could he sae fast, or she sae fair,

Prove such relentless foes?

Fierce winter nips the sweetest flower;

Keen lightning rives the tree;

Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop, 55

And love has blasted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chace;

The tender lambkins they;

Lambs follow close their mother ewes,

And ewes the blooms of May. 60

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,

Some dear delight pursue;

Cease, ruthless maid! to scorn the heart

That only pants for you.

Alas! for griefs, to her unken'd, 65

What pity can I gain?

And should she ken, yet love refuse,

Could that redress my pain?



Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,

Ah! close those wearied eyes;

But death the happy still pursues,

Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail; what wealth is mine

Her high-born mind to bend?

Her's are those wide delightful plains,

And her's the flocks I tend.

What tho', whene'er I tun'd my pipe,

Glad fairies heard the sound,

And, clad in freshest April green,

Aft tript the circle round:

Break, landward clown, thy dinsome reed,

And brag thy skill nae mair:

Can aught that gies na GIRZY joy,

Be worth thy lightest care?

Adieu! ye harmless sportive flocks!

Who now your lives shall guard?

Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft

The pleasing vigil shar'd:

Adieu,



Adieu, ye plains, and light, anes sweet,  
 Now painful to my view : 90  
 Adieu to life ; and thou, mair dear,  
 Who caus'd my death ; adieu !



On the DEATH of STELLA:  
 A PASTORAL.

Inscrib'd to her Sister.

*See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death :  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before ;  
 And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more.* POPE.

**N**OW purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,  
 And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain ;  
 Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,  
 To speak his grief, a pensive swain was laid :  
 Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound ; 5  
 The laughing landskip sadden'd all around :

N

For



For STELLA's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

O thou! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,  
Who dy'd to pleasure, when a \* sister dy'd; 10

Thou living image of those charms we lost,  
Charms which exulting nature once might boast!

Indulge the plaintive muse, whose simple strain  
Repeats the heart-felt anguish of the swain:

For STELLA's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan, 15  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

ARE happiness and joy for ever fled,  
Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor sunny glade?  
Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye;  
With STELLA born, with STELLA too they die: 20  
Die, or with me your brightest image moan;  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

SWEET to the thirsty tongue the chrystal stream,  
To nightly wand'ers sweet the morning beam;  
Sweet to the wither'd grass the gentle show'r; 25  
To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;

\* Mrs. M'CULLOCH, a Lady distinguished for every personal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her sex and nature.

Sweet



Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,  
And lovely STELLA once was heav'n to me :  
That heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone! 30

AH! where is now that form which charm'd my sight?  
Ah! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright?  
Ah! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,  
When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing?  
Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan; 35  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling done!

AH me! tho' winter desolate the field,  
Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield;  
Again shall birds the vernal season hail,  
And beauty paint, and music charm the vale: 40  
But she no more to bless me shall appear;  
No more her angel voice enchant my ear;  
No more her angel smile relieve my moan:  
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

HE ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice suppress'd, 45  
Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast;



From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;  
 The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes:  
 Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain!  
 If, with returning sense, returns thy pain. 50  
 Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's moan;  
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!



## A P A S T O R A L:

Inscribed to E U A N T H E.

**W**HILST I rehearse unhappy DAMON's lays,  
 At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,  
 With drooping heads and griev'd attention, stood,  
 Nor frisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring flood;  
 Effential Sweetness! deign with me to stray, 5  
 Where yon close shades exclude the heat of day;  
 Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,  
 Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song;  
 There hear the sad relation of his fate,  
 And pity all the pains thy charms create. 10

CLOSE



CLOSE in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,  
I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue.

Awake, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;  
Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow, 15  
And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know;  
With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,  
And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.

AWAKE, my muse, the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
*Sicilian* numbers may delude my pain:  
The thirsty field, with scorching heat devours,  
Is ne'er supply'd, tho' heav'n descend in show'rs:  
From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plies her wing,  
Of sweets insatiate, tho' she drain the spring:  
Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store, 25  
And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain:  
Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain?  
Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,  
But groans are music to the tyrant Love. 30

O Love!



O Love! thy genius and thy force I know,  
 Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow:  
 From some fermented tempest of the main,  
 At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;  
 Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood, 35  
 Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood:  
 Relentless mischief! at whose dire command,  
 A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:  
 Curst boy! curst mother! which most impious, say,  
 She who could wound, or he who could betray? 40

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain:  
 From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.  
 Why did I first EUANTHE's charms admire,  
 Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?  
 Why, happy still my danger to conceal, 45  
 Could I no ruin fear, till sure to feel?  
 So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,  
 Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray;  
 Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,  
 He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream: 50  
 Away with scorn the laughing Daemon flies,  
 While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.

AWAKE,



AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
Ah! can no last, no darling hope remain,  
Round which my soul with all her strength may twine, 55  
And, tho' but flatter'd, call the treasure mine?  
Wretch! to the charmer's sphere canst thou ascend,  
Or dar'st thou fancy she to thine will bend?  
Say, shall the chirping grasshopper assume  
The varied accent, and the soaring plume; 60  
Or shall that oak, the tallest of his race,  
Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace?

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
Those pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain?  
Well I remember, O my soul! too well, 65  
When in the snare of fate I thoughtless fell:  
Languid and sick, she sought the distant shade,  
Where, led by love or destiny, I stray'd:  
There, from the nymphs retir'd, depress'd she lay,  
To unremitting pain a smiling prey: 70  
Ev'n then I saw her, as an angel, bright;  
I saw, I lov'd, I perish'd at the sight;  
I sigh'd, I blush'd, I gaz'd with fix'd surprise,  
And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes.



FORBEAR, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain; 75  
 Which heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain:  
 What tho' the heav'n-born muse my temples shade  
 With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?  
 What tho' the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,  
 Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain? 80  
 On me my stars, not gifts, but ills bestow,  
 And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

BUT see yon rock projected o'er the main,  
 Whose giddy prospect turns the gazer's brain:  
 Object is lost beneath its vast profound, 85  
 And deep and hoarse below the surges sound:  
 Oft, while th' unthinking world is lost in sleep,  
 My fable genius tempts me to the sleep;  
 In fancy's view bids endless horrors move,  
 A barren fortune, and a hopeless love. 90  
 Life has no charms for me; why longer stay?  
 I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.  
 What! fall the victim of a mean despair,  
 And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?  
 No, let me once some conscious merit show, 95  
 And tell the world, I can survive my woe.

FOR-



FORBEAR, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain:  
 Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy brain?  
 See, choak'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs recline,  
 Thy sheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine. 100  
 At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,  
 Or weave the basket, or the fold secure.

WHAT tho' her cheeks a living blush display,  
 Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day;  
 Tho' love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings, 105  
 And all the muses warble, when she sings?  
 Forbear, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
 Some nymph, as fair, a sprightlier note may gain:  
 There are who know to prize more genuine charms,  
 Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms: 110  
 Forbear, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;  
 Some nymph, as fair, may smile, tho' she disdain.







# The PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

## A PASTORAL ELEGY.

*Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? floribus austrum*

*Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.*

VIRG.

COLIN, whose lays the shepherds all admire,  
For PHOEBE long consum'd with hopeless fire;

Nor durst his tongue the hidden smart convey,

Nor tears the torment of his soul betray:

But to the wildness of the woods he flies,

And vents his grief in unregarded sighs:

Ye conscious woods, who still the sound retain,

Repeat the tuneful sorrows of the swain.

AND must I perish then, ah cruel maid!

To early fate, by love of thee, betray'd?

And can no tender art thy soul subdue,

Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view?

10

The



The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,  
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and sweet perfume;  
The tender lamb that prematurely pines, **15**  
And life's untasted joys at once resigns;  
For these thy tears in copious tributes flow,  
For these thy bosom heaves with tender woe?  
And canst thou then with tears their fate survey,  
While, blasted by thy coldness, I decay? **20**

AND now the swains each to their cots are fled,  
And not a warble echoes thro' the mead;  
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,  
Scorch'd with the summer noon's relentless heat:  
From summer's heat the shades a refuge prove; **25**  
But what can shield my heart from fiercer love?  
All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,  
For all our other ills a balm to yield;  
But love, the sharpest pang the soul sustains,  
Still cruel love incurable remains. **30**

YET, dear destroyer! yet my sufferings hear:  
By love's kind look, and pity's sacred tear,



By the strong griefs that in my bosom roll,  
By all the native goodness of thy soul,  
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,  
And, like eternal Mercy, smile and save.

35

WHAT tho' no founding names my race adorn,  
Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born;  
With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread,  
Whilst endless tempests beat the mountain's head.

40

What tho' by fate no riches are my share;  
Riches are parents of eternal care;  
While, in the lowly hut and silent grove,  
Content plays smiling with her sister love.  
What tho' no native charms my person grace,  
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;  
The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,  
While flos and brambles yield a safe repast.

45

Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain;  
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.  
Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep,  
Or lull th' impetuous hurricane asleep?  
Thy numbers then her steadfast soul may move,  
And change the purpose of determin'd love.

50

DIE,



DIE, COLIN, die, nor groan with life oppress'd ; 55  
Another image triumphs in her breast ;  
Another soon shall call the fair his own,  
And heav'n and fate seem pleas'd their vows to crown.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise :  
For thee thy PHOEBE looks with longing eyes ; 60  
For thee the shepherds, a delighted throng,  
Wake the soft reed, and hymeneal song ;  
For thee the hasty virgins rob the spring,  
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise ; 65  
Ev'n time for thee with double swiftness flies :  
Hours urging hours, with all their speed retire,  
To give thy soul whate'er it can desire.

YET, when the priest prepares the rites divine,,  
And when her trembling hand is clasp'd in thine,, 70  
Let not thy heart too soon indulge its joys ;  
But think on him whom thy delight destroys !  
Thee too he lov'd ; to thee his simple heart,  
With easy faith and fondness breath'd its smart ::

So.



So fools their flocks to sanguine wolves resign, 75  
 So trust the cunning fox to prune the vine.  
 Think thou behold'st him from some gaping wound  
 Effuse his soul, and stain with blood the ground:  
 Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,  
 His friends with shrieking sorrow pierce thine ear: 80  
 Or, to some torrent's headlong rage a prey,  
 Think thou behold'st him floating to the sea.

BUT now the sun declines his radiant head,  
 And rising hills project a length'ning shade:  
 Again to browse the green the flocks return, 85  
 Again the swains to sport, and I to mourn:  
 I homeward too must bend my painful way,  
 Lest old DAMOETAS sternly chide my stay.



DESI-





DESIDERIUM LUTETIAE:

From BUCHANNAN,

An *Allegorical* PASTORAL,

In which he regrets his absence from *Paris*,

IMITATED.

WHILE far remote, thy swain, dear CHLOE! sighs,  
 Depriv'd the vital sunshine of thine eyes;  
 Seven summer heats already warm the plains;  
 In storms and snow the sev'nth bleak winter reigns:  
 Yet not seven years revolving sad and slow, 5  
 Nor summer's heats, nor winter's storms and snow,  
 Can to my soul the smallest ease procure  
 Or free from Love and Care one tedious hour.

THEE, when from heav'n descend the dews of morn,  
 To crop the verdant mead when flocks return; 10

5


Thee,



Thee, when the sun has compass'd half his way,  
And darts around unsufferable day;  
Thee, when the ev'ning, o'er the world display'd,  
From rising hills projects a length'ning shade;  
Thee still I sing, unwearied of my theme, 15  
Source of my song, and object of my flame!  
Ev'n night, in whose dark bosom nature laid,  
Appears one blank, one undistinguish'd shade,  
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors, tries  
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes. 20

When short-liv'd slumbers, long invok'd, descend,  
To sooth each care, and ev'ry sense suspend,  
Full to my sight once more thy charms appear;  
Once more my ardent vows salute thine ear;  
Once more my anxious soul, awake to bliss, 25  
Feels, hears, detains thee in her close embrace:  
In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing transport tost,  
Till sense itself in keen delight is lost.

From sleep I wake; but oh! how chang'd the scene!  
The charms illusive, and the pleasure vain! 30  
The day returns; but ah! returning day,  
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,





On these sad eyes its glory darts in vain ;  
Its light restor'd, restores my soul to pain.

THE house I fly, impell'd by wild despair, 35  
As if my griefs could only find me there.

Loft to the world, thro' lonely fields I rove ;  
Vain wish ! to fly from destiny and love !

By wayward frenzy's restless impulse led,  
Through devious wilds, with heedless course, I tread : 40

The cave remote, the dusky wood explore,  
Where human step was ne'er imprest before :

And, with the native accents of despair,  
Fatigue the conscious rocks, and desert air.

Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone, 45  
Sighs all my sighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.

The streams, familiar to the voice of woe,  
Each mournful sound remurmur as they flow.

OFT on some rock distracted I complain,  
Which hangs projected o'er the ruffled main : 50

Oft view the azure furies as they roll,  
And to deaf storms effuse my frantic soul.



" Attend my sorrows, O caerulean tide !  
 " Ye blue-ey'd nymphs that thro' the billows glide,  
 " Oh ! waft me gently o'er your rough domain ; 55  
 " Let me at length my darling coast attain :  
 " Or, if my wishes thus too much implore,  
 " Shipwreck'd and gasping let me reach the shore.  
 " While wash'd along the floods I hold my way,  
 " To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey, 60  
 " Dear hope and love shall bear my struggling frame,  
 " And unextinguish'd keep the vital flame."

OFF to the hast'ning zephyrs have I said :

" You, happy gales ! shall fan my lovely maid.  
 " So may no pointed rocks your wings deform ; 65  
 " So may your speedy journey meet no storm.  
 " As soft you whisper round my heav'nly fair,  
 " Play on her breast, or wanton with her hair ;  
 " Faithful to love, the tender message bear,  
 " And breathe my endless sorrows in her ear." 70

How oft rough *Eurus* have I ask'd in vain !

As with swift wings he brush'd the foamy main :

" Blest



" Bleft wind! who late my distant charmer view'd,

" Say, has her soul no other wish pursu'd?

" With mutual fire, say, does her bosom glow; 75

" Feels she my wound, and pities she my woe?"

HEEDLESS of all my tears, and all I say,  
The winds, with blust'ring fury, wing their way.

A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,  
Shoots thro' my heart, and stagnates ev'ry vein. 80

No rural pleasures yield my soul relief;  
No melting shepherd's pipe consoles my grief:

The choral nymphs, that dancing chear the plain,  
And Fauns, tho' sweet their song, yet sing in vain.

Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind 85  
Can only room for love and anguish find:

By these my soul and all its wishes caught,  
Can to no other object yield a thought.

LYCISCA, skilful with her lyre to move  
Each tender wish, and melt the soul to love: 90

MELAENIS too, with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,  
By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound:

With emulation both my love pursue,  
And both, with winning arts, my passion woo.



The freshest bloom of youth their cheeks display; 95  
Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keenest ray;  
Ay'rice itself might count their fleecy store,  
(A prize beyond its wish!) and pant no more.

Me oft their dow'rs each gen'rous fire has told,  
An hundred playful younglings from the fold, 100  
Each with its dam; their mothers promise more,  
And oft, and long, with secret gifts, implore.  
Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,  
Each with its dam; nor wealth can bribe my love;  
Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers show; 105  
Nor all the secret gifts they would bestow;  
Nor all the tender things the nymphs can say;  
Nor all the soft desires the nymphs betray.

As winter to the spring in beauty yields,  
Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields; 110  
As the fair virgin's cheek, with rosy dye  
Blushing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,  
Beyond her mother's faded form appears,  
Mark'd with the wrinkles and the snow of years;

As



As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames 115  
 Flow each the envy of their country's streams:  
 So, loveliest of her sex, my heav'nly maid  
 Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.

MELAENIS, whom love's soft enchantments arm,  
 Replete with charms, and conscious of each charm, 120  
 Oft on the glassy stream, with raptur'd eyes,  
 Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise;  
 Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,  
 Adjusts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace:  
 Oft thus she tries, with all her tuneful art, 125  
 To reach the soft accesses of my heart.  
 " Unhappy swain, whose wishes fondly stray,  
 " To slow-consuming fruitless fires a prey!  
 " Say, will those sighs and tears for ever flow  
 " In hopeless torment, and determin'd woe? 130  
 " Our fields, by nature's bounty blest, as thine  
 " The mellow apple yield, and purple vine;  
 " Those too thou lov'st; their free enjoyment share,  
 " Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap despair."



ME oft *Lycisca*, in the festive train, 135  
 Views, as she lightly bounds along the plain :  
 Straight, with dissembled scorn, away she flies ;  
 Yet still on me obliquely turns her eyes :  
 While, to the music of her trembling strings,  
 Amidst the dance sweet warbling, thus she sings : 140  
 " No tears the just revenge of heav'n can move ;  
 " Heav'n's just revenge will punish flighted love.  
 " I've seen a huntsman, active as the morn,  
 " Salute her earliest blush with sounding horn ;  
 " Pursue the bounding stag with op'ning cries, 145  
 " And flight the timid hare, his easy prize :  
 " Then, with the setting sun, his hounds restrain ;  
 " Nor bounding stag, nor timid hare obtain.  
 " I've seen the sportsman latent nets display,  
 " To catch the feather'd warblers of the spray ; 150  
 " Despise the finch that flutter'd round in air,  
 " And court the sweeter linnnet to his snare :  
 " Yet weary, cold, successful, leave the plain ;  
 " Nor painted finch, nor sweeter linnnet, gain.

" I've



# SEVERAL OCCASIONS. III

" I've seen a youth the polish'd pipe admire, 155  
 " And scorn the simple reed the swains inspire:  
 " The simple reed yet cheers each tuneful swain;  
 " While still unblest the scorner pines in vain.  
 " Thus righteous heav'n chastises wanton pride,  
 " And bids intemp'rate insolence subside." 160

Thus breathe the am'rous nymphs their fruitless pain,  
 In ears impervious to the softest strain.  
 But first with trembling lambs the wolf shall graze;  
 First hawks with linnets join in social lays;  
 First shall the tiger's sanguine thirst expire, 165  
 And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire;  
 Ere, with her lute *Lycisca* taught to charm,  
 This destin'd heart ere soft MELAENIS warm.  
 First shall the finny nation leave the flood,  
 Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood; 170  
 The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to flow;  
 Ere my desires another object know.  
 This infant bosom, yet in love untaught,  
 From CHLOE first the pleasing ardor caught:

CHLOE



CHLOE shall still its faithful empire claim,  
 Its first ambition, and its latest aim!  
 Till ev'ry wish and ev'ry hope be o'er,  
 And life and love inspire my frame no more.



PHILIP



~~STANLEY, MISS DUMFRIES~~

# PHILANTHES:

A

## MONODY,

Inscribed to Miss D-----Y H-----Y;

Occasioned by a series of interesting events which happened  
at *Dumfries* on *Friday, June 12, 1752*, particularly that  
of her Father's death.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres  
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

HORAT.

~~STANLEY, MISS DUMFRIES~~





## A R G U M E N T.

*The subject proposed. Address to Miss H-----y. General reflexions inspir'd by the subject, and previous to it. The scene opens with a prospect of Mrs. M-----n's funeral solemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, son to Mr. J-----s H-----ll, whose early genius, quick progress in learning, and gentle dispositions, inspired his friends with the highest expectations of his riper attainments. Transition to the death of Dr. J-----s H-----y Physician: his character as such: the general sorrow occasioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to sooth distress; as a Gentleman; as an husband; as a father: his loss considered in all these relations, particularly as sustained by Miss H-----y: her tender care of him during his sickness described. The piece concludes with an apotheosis, in imitation of VIRGIL'S DAPHNIS.*

## I.

**A**SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful nine inflame,  
 As to his western goal the sun declin'd,  
 Sung to the list'ning shades no common theme;  
 While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,  
 And deep resounding furge in concert join'd.  
 Deep was the furge, and deep the plaintive song,  
 While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.

5

Nor



NOR thou, fair victim of so just a woe!  
 Tho' still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,  
 Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow 10  
 Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:  
 For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;

'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,  
 And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round 15  
 Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.  
 Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:  
 Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:

O'er all the mournful plain

Let night and sorrow reign: 20

For \* PAN indignant from his fields retires,

Once haunts of gay delight;

Now every sense they fright,

Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with fun'ral fires.

## II.

WHAT tho' the radiant sun and clement sky 25

Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;

\* God of ARCADIA, who peculiarly presides over rural life.



Tho' spring presages to the careful eye,  
 That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?  
 For us in vain her choicest blessings flow!

To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain 30

Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

WHAT summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,  
 From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?

What fun in death's dark regions wake the morn,

Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? 35

Ah wretched man! whose breast scarce learns to heave

With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,

Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

THOU all-enliv'ning flame, intensely bright!

Whose sacred beams illumine each wand'ring sphere, 40

That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,

Conducting round this globe the varied year;

As thou pursu'st thy way,

Let this revolving day,

Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along: 45

In sable pomp array'd,

Let night diffuse her shade,

Nor sport the chearless hind, nor chant the vocal throng.

III. SCARCE,



III.

SCARCE, from the ardor of the mid-day gleam,  
 Had languid nature in the cool respir'd; 50  
 Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,  
 Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;  
 Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,  
 Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,  
 When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade. 55

SOPHRONIA, long for ev'ry virtue dear  
 That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,  
 Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,  
 In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.  
 Ah me! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd 60  
 With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;  
 The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.  
 For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd;  
 For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:  
 An husband late with all her virtues bless'd, 65  
 And weeping race in sad ideas rise:  
 For her depress'd and pale,  
 Your charms, ye Graces, veil,



Whom to adorn was once your chief delight :

Ye virtues all deplore

70

Your image, now no more,

And \* HYMEN quench thy torch in tears and endless night.

## IV.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,

When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,

And louder accents pierce each frightened ear,

75

Accents of grief imbitter'd by surprize!

Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,

To snatch ADONIS wash'd along the stream,

And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

RANG'D on the brink the weeping matrons stand,

80

The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,

While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,

Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.

By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,

In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:

85

They view'd and mourn'd his fate : O heaven ! they could

no more.

\* God of marriage.

Ye



Ye \* NAIADS, guardians of the fatal flood,  
Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care?  
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,  
Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to spare. 90

Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;  
While, in his closing eyes,  
No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines;  
His cheek, once nature's pride,  
With blooming roses dy'd, 95  
To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

V.

DEAR hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,  
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?  
Such anguish when the soul and body part,  
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade. 100  
Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid?  
Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,  
Nor from th' infatiate waves redeem their lovely prey?

\* River goddesses.



DID I for this my tend'rest cares employ,  
 To nourish and improve thy early bloom?  
 Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,  
 Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?  
 No more shall life those faded charms relume,  
 Dear rip'ning sweetness! sunk no more to rise!  
 Thee nature mounts, like me, with fond maternal eyes. 110

FORTUNE and life, your gifts how insecure!  
 How fair you promise! but how ill perform!  
 Like tender fruit, they perish premature,  
 Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm.

For thee a fate more kind, 115  
 Thy mother's hopes assign'd,  
 Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd;  
 But late thou fled'st my sight,  
 Thy parent's dear delight!  
 And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd? 120

## VI.

SEVERE these ills; yet heavier still impend,  
 That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:  
 As, ere the long-collected storm descend,  
 Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;

Porten-



Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll :

While from the subject field the trembling hind

Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deep'ning groan

In fainter cadence died away in air,

When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown, 130

Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:

As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,

Swift from th' adjacent field MENALCAS flies,

While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew his eyes.

WEEP on, he cry'd, let tears no measure know; 135

Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:

Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:

No more with summer's pride, ye meads be gay.

Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,

Should summer smile around? 140

PHILANTHES now is number'd with the dead:

Young health, all drown'd in tears,

A livid paleness wears;

Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.



## VII.

HIM bright \* HYGEIA, in life's early dawn, 145

Thro' nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,

Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,

Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:

There summer's treasures to his view display'd,

What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow, 150

Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

THE paralytic nerve his art confess'd,

Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale:

Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,

And bade the fever's rage no more prevail. 155

Unhappy art! decreed at last to fail,

Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,

Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour?

YOUR griefs, O love and friendship, how severe!

When high to heav'n his soul pursu'd her flight; 160

Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,

Still the sad vision swims before my sight.

\* Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS, and goddess of health.

O'er



O'er all the mournful scene,  
 Inconsolable pain,  
 In ev'ry various form, appear'd express'd: 165

The tear-distilling eye,  
 The long, deep, broken sigh,  
 Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in ev'ry breast.

## VIII.

SUCH were their woes, and oh! how just, how due!  
 What tears could equal such immense distress? 170

Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,  
 And years the sense of what we lose increase.

From whom shall now the wretched hope redress?

Religion where a nobler subject find,

So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind? 175

FAIR friendship, smiling on his natal hour,

The babe selected in her sacred train;

She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,

And in his bosom fix'd her fav'rite fane,

In glory thence how long, yet how serene, 180

Her vital influence spreads its chearing rays!

Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.



As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,  
 Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;  
 As grateful to the herb, descending rain, 185  
 That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:

So, when his voice was heard,  
 Affliction disappear'd;  
 Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;  
 Grief with its sweetness sooth'd, 190  
 Each cloudy feature smooth'd,  
 And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

## IX.

SUCH elegance of taste, such graceful ease,  
 Infus'd by heav'n, thro' all his manners shone;  
 In him it seem'd to join whate'er could please, 195  
 And plan the full perfection from its own:  
 He other fields and other swains had known,  
 Gentle as those of old by \* PHOEBUS taught,  
 When polish'd with his lute, like him, they spoke and  
 thought.

\* He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of ADMETUS.

THUS



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 125

These form'd alike to blest, and to be blest'd, 200

Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found;

Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,

With equal worth, and equal candour crown'd:

Long may she search creation's ample round,

The joys of such a friendship to explore; 205

But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

As nature to her works supremely kind,

His tender soul with all the parent glow'd;

On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,

One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd; 210

Pleas'd as each genius rose

New prospects to disclose,

To form the mind, and raise its gen'rous aim;

His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,

At once inspir'd and charm'd; 215

His looks, his words, his smiles transfus'd the sacred flame.

X.

SAY ye, whose minds for long revolving years

The joys of sweet society have known,

Whose mutual fondness ev'ry hour endears,

At



Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls, are one; 220

O! say, for you can judge, and you alone,

What anguish pierc'd his widow'd comfort's heart,

When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,

While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes; 225

His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,

In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:

But young DORINDA, with distinguish'd sighs,

Effusing all her soul in soft regret,

Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a father's fate. 230

Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,

Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,

Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,

To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid;

To soften ev'ry pain, 225

The meaning look explain,

And scan the forming wish ere yet express'd:

The dying father smil'd

With fondness on his child,

And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness bless'd.

240

At



## XI.

At length, fair mourner! cease thy rising woe:  
 Its object still surviving seeks the skies,  
 Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,  
 And ampler scenes with height'ning charms surprise:  
 There perfect life thy much lov'd fire enjoys, 245  
 The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,  
 Where in immortal breasts immortal transports reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;  
 Still he, the Genius of our green retreat,  
 Shall with benignant care our labours chear, 250  
 And banish far each shock of adverse fate;  
 Mild suns and gentle showr's on spring shall wait,  
 His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store:  
 In heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds, weep no more.

HENCEFORTH his pow'r shall with your \* LARES join, 255  
 To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;  
 To bid disease and languor cease to pine,  
 And fair abundance crown each rural toil:  
 While birds their lays resume,  
 And spring her annual bloom, 260

\* Domestic gods.



Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn ;

To him, each rising day

Devout libations pay :

In heav'n your patron reigns, no more, ye shepherds, mourn.



The W I S H:

An ELEGY.

To U R A N I A.

*Felices ter, et amplius,*

*Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis*

*Divulsus querimoniis.*

*Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

HOR.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,

The wealth of earth and ocean to secure ;

Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane ;

In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But



But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes, 5  
 Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;  
 While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,  
 The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,  
 The real joys of life, unenvied, share: 10  
 Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,  
 I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,  
 Unting'd with smok, where vernal breezes blow,  
 In rural neatness let my cottage stand; 15  
 Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,  
 Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;  
 Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,  
 Nor man pursue the trade of murder near: 20

Far hence, kind heav'n! expel the savage train,  
 Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;  
 Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,  
 And place in groans and death their cruel joy.



Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song! 25

To you devoted shall my fields remain ;  
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,  
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade ;

For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air ; 30

For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,

And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O ! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,

In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,

Grant me, ah ! grant my heart's supreme desire, 35

And teach my dear URANIA to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day ;

For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll ;

For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,

And chill the living vigour of my soul. 40

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardor dies,

Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire ;

In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes ;

In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O ! let



O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace, 45  
 Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;  
 For heav'n, unlimited by time or place,  
 Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,  
 How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray! 50  
 Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,  
 And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;  
 The silver stream in sweeter music flows;  
 Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume; 55  
 And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,  
 Its deepest silence charms if she be by;  
 Her voice the music of the dawn renews,  
 Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye. 60

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,  
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd!  
 Kind nature's laws with sacred ASHLEY trace,  
 And view the fairest features of the mind!



Or borne on MILTON's flight, as heav'n sublime, 65

View its full blaze in open prospect glow ;

Bless the first pair in *Eden's* happy clime,

Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,

No arts the languid lamp of life restore ; 70

Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,

Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more :

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,

Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight ;

Then soar where only greater joys attend, 75

And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah ! whither would thy fancy rove ?

'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart ;

'Tis thine, alas ! eternal scorn to prove,

Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart. 80

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,

Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign ;

To walk beneath the burden of my woes,

Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet



Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere, 85  
 To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;  
 Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,  
 And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.  
 Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,  
 And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free: 90  
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,  
 The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.



On the DEATH of Mr. POPE:

AN ELEGY.

*Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;  
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:  
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.*

POPE'S Unfortunate Lady.

**W**HILE yet I scarce awake from dumb surprize,  
 And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes;  
 While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,  
 And all my being sinks oppress'd with pain;

Deign



Deign you, whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know 5  
The nice poetic sense of bliss and woe;  
To these sad accents deign a pitying ear:  
Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.

O POPE, what tears thy obsequies attend!  
*Britain* a bard deplores, mankind a friend: 10  
For thee, their darling, weep th' *Aonian* choir,  
Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre:  
For thee, the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,  
And virgin sorrows bathe thy sacred urn:  
One veil of grief o'er heav'n and earth be thrown, 15  
And vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone.  
Erewhile depress'd in abject dust they lay,  
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;  
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd fight,  
Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light: 20  
Now pleas'd, to open sunshine they return,  
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.

AH me! far other thoughts my soul inspire;  
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:  
Thee, tho' the muses bless'd with all their art, 25  
And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart;  
Tho'



Tho' thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,  
 Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain:  
 Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;  
 Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins: 30

"Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,  
 "And that heav'n-prompted tongue shall charm no more."

Whom next shall heav'n to share thy honours chuse;  
 Whom consecrate to virtue and the muse?  
 The muse, by fate's eternal plan design'd 35  
 To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;  
 To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;  
 To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;  
 To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,  
 And touch the finest springs that move the heart. 40

\* CURST he! who, without extasy sincere,  
 The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear:  
 His aid in vain shall indigence require;  
 Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire:

\* What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickness of moral feeling: he, therefore, who cannot feel poetry, must either have his affections and internal senses depraved by vice, or be naturally insensible of the pleasures resulting from the exercise of them. But this natural insensibility is almost never so great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impression of well-painted passion, or natural images connected with it.

Nature



Nature and nature's God that wretch detest; 45  
 Unsought his friendship, and his days unblest;  
 Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,  
 And all her gloom hangs heavy on his soul.

As when the sun begins his eastern way,  
 To bless the nations with returning day, 50  
 Crown'd with unfading splendor, on he flies;  
 Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies:  
 The prostrate East the radiant God adore;  
 So, POPE, we view'd thee, but must view no more.  
 Thee angels late beheld, with mute surprize, 55  
 Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise;  
 They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,  
 To trace the mazes of th' eternal scheme:  
 But heav'n those scenes to human view denies,  
 Those scenes impervious to celestial eyes: 60  
 Whoe'er attempts the path, shall lose his way,  
 And, wrapt in night, through endless error stray.

In thee what talent shall we most admire;  
 The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire?  
 Alike, in both, to glory is thy claim; 65  
 Thine ARISTOTLE's taste, and HOMER's flame.

ARM'D



ARM'D with impartial satire, when thy muse  
 Triumphant vice with all her rage pursues;  
 To hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,  
 Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day: 70  
 There, curst and cursing, rack'd with raging woe,  
 Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.  
 But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise;  
 Her steps the earth scarce bound, her head the skies;  
 Till his red terrors Jove again display, 75  
 Assert his laws, and vindicate his sway.

WHEN OVID's song bewails the *Lesbian* Fair,  
 Her flighted passion, and intense despair;  
 By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,  
 Not OVID's wit, but SAPPHO's sorrows shine. 80  
 When ELOISA mourns her hapless fate,  
 What heart can cease with all her pangs to beat!

WHILE pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,  
 Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast;  
 The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair, 85  
 Shall dread the satire of thy *ravish'd* hair.



Nor the \* *Sieilian* breath'd a sweeter song,  
 While ARETHUSA, charm'd and list'ning, hung;  
 For whom each muse, from her dear seat retir'd,  
 His flocks protected, and himself inspir'd: 90  
 Nor he † who sung, while sorrow fill'd the plain,  
 How CYTHEREA mourn'd ADONIS slain;  
 Nor ‡ TITYRUS, who, in immortal lays,  
 Taught *Mantua*'s echoes GALATEA's praise.  
 No more let *Mantua* boast unrival'd fame; 95  
 Thy *Windsor* now shall equal honours claim:  
 Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,  
 And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

YE tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,  
 From fair *Ladona*'s banks, and *Windsor*'s shades, 100  
 Whose souls in transport melted at his song,  
 Soft as his sighs, and as your wishes strong;  
 O come! your copious annual tributes bring,  
 The full luxuriance of the rifled spring;  
 Strip various nature of each fairest flow'r, 105  
 And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r.

• THEOCRITUS. † BION. ‡ VIRGIL.

Let



Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,  
 The violets languish, and the roses glow;  
 In yellow glory let the crocus shine,  
 Narcissus here his love-sick head recline; 110  
 Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,  
 And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.

Who shall succeed thy worth, O darling swain!  
 Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy strain?  
 Each painted warbler of the vocal grove 115  
 Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:  
 Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,  
 And solemn moans responsive rocks return;  
 Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,  
 And nought is heard but mingled plaints around. 120

When first CALLIOPE thy fall survey'd,  
 Immortal tears her eyes profusely shed;  
 Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd;  
 The conscious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd;  
 Her voice in trembling cadence dy'd away, 125  
 And, lost in anguish, all the goddess lay.



Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,  
 The fates, in HOMER, ravish'd her delight:  
 To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,  
 And in thy bosom kindled all his fire: 130  
 Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours drest,  
 Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breast.

WHEN horrid war informs the sacred page,  
 And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,  
 The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound, 135  
 And groans and clamours shake the mountains round;  
 The nations rock, earth's solid bases groan,  
 And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

WHEN EOLUS dilates the lawless wind,  
 O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd. 140  
 Bend heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,  
 Tear up the forest, and intrage the main;  
 In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,  
 Ferment, and roar, and aetuate in each line.

WHEN SISYPHUS, with many a weary groan, 145  
 Rolls up the hill the still-revolving stone;

The



The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil,  
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil :  
But, when resulting rapid from its height,  
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight. 150

As when creative Energy, employ'd,  
With various beings fill'd the boundless void ;  
With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd  
The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good ;  
He view'd, exulting with immense delight, 155  
The lovely transcript, as th' idea, bright :  
So swell'd the \* bard with ecstasy divine,  
When full and finish'd rose his bright design ;  
So, from th' Elysian bow'rs, he joy'd to see  
All his immortal self reviv'd in thee. 160  
While fame enjoys thy consecrated fane,  
First of th' inspir'd, with him for ever reign ;  
With his, each distant age shall rank thy name,  
And ev'n reluctant envy his acclaim.

BUT, ah ! blind fate will no distinction know ; 165  
Swift down the torrent all alike must flow :

\* HOMER,

Wit,



Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;  
All, all must tread th' irremeable way.

No more fond wishes in my breast shall roll,  
Distend my heart, and kindle all my soul, 170  
To breathe my honest raptures in thy ear,  
And feel thy kindness in returns sincere;  
Thy art, I hop'd, should teach the muse to sing,  
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing;  
Now, muse, be dumb; or let thy song deplore 175  
Thy pleasures blasted, and thy hopes no more.

TREMENDOUS pow'rs! who rule th' eternal state,  
Whose voice is thunder, and whose nod is fate;  
Did I for empire, second to your own,  
Cling round the shrine, and importune the throne? 180  
Pray'd I, that fame should bear my name on high,  
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving sky?  
Woo'd I for me the sun to toil and shine,  
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?  
Tho' deep involv'd in adamantinè night, 185  
Ask'd I again to view heav'n's chearful light?



POPE's love I fought; that only boon deny'd,  
O life! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,  
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?

THUS mourns a tim'rous muse, unknown to fame, 190  
Thus sheds her sweetest incense on thy name;  
Whilst on her lips imperfect accents die,  
Tear following tear, and sigh succeeding sigh:  
She mourns, nor she alone, with fond regret,  
A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate. 195

WHERE polish'd arts and sacred science reign,  
Where-e'er the Nine their tuneful presence deign;  
There shall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,  
Command immortal monuments of praise:  
From clime to clime the circling sun shall view 200  
Its rival splendor still his own pursue.  
While the swift torrent from its source descends;  
While round this globe heav'n's ample concave bends;  
Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,  
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train; 205  
So long shall men thy heav'nly song admire,  
And nature's charms and thine at once expire.





E L E G Y:

To the MEMORY of

C O N S T A N T I A.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani**Munere.-----*

VIRG.

**B**Y the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,  
 When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,  
 Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice  
 So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,  
 Its moving plaint effuses: like the song 5  
 Of PHILOMEL, when thro' the vocal air,  
 Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,  
 She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;  
 And nature with religious silence hears?  
 'Tis she; my wand'ring senses recognize 10  
 The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul  
 Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,

Whose



Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;  
 Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest  
 Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow. 15

TELL me, thou heav'nly excellence! whose form  
 Still rises to my view, whose melting song  
 For ever echoes on my trembling ear,  
 Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!  
 What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky 20  
 Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,  
 That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?  
 Early, alas! too early didst thou feel  
 Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,  
 The soft serenity of life how led 25  
 An unsuspecting victim! Ev'ry blast  
 Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste  
 Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way  
 Unshelter'd and alone; while to thy groans  
 No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof, 30  
 With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd  
 Thy drooping sweetness, uninur'd to pain.  
 That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense  
 Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,

U

To



To heav'n and earth extended, vainly now **35**  
Implores the consolation once it gave,  
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,  
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,  
Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear,  
A willing tribute, paid, now fruitless weeps. **40**  
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.

Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell  
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!  
How in the hour of confidence and hope,  
When love and expectation to thy heart **45**  
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;  
How fled the bright illusion, and at once  
Forsook thee plung'd in exquisite despair!  
Thy friends; the insects of a summer-gale  
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam **50**  
Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,  
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardor suck  
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,  
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd  
By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine, **55**

Lull'd



Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw  
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.  
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;  
Deaf to her tender importuning call,  
And all the father in his soul extinct, 60  
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head  
Each various torment, that imbitters life,  
Exhausted all their force: and, to insure  
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,  
Ev'n as her native region, Slander join'd; 65  
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish  
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd  
Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair Truth,  
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd  
Unheard the cause of Innocence; the blush 70  
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.

MEANWHILE from these retreats with hapless speed,  
By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,  
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?  
Ah me! from whom, and to what cursed arms 75  
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock  
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,



With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?  
O earth! O righteous heav'n! could'st thou behold;  
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd, 80  
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see  
The violated vow, the marriage rite  
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind  
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn  
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd? 85

But thou, perfidious! tremble.----- If on high  
The Hand of justice with impartial scale  
Each word, each action poises, and exacts  
Severe atonement from th' offending heart;  
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pangs, 90  
What deep damnation must thy soul endure?  
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,  
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,  
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd:  
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel, 95  
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.  
Ev'n in the silent safe domestic hour,  
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,  
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,

In



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 149

In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues, 100  
 Thunder despair and ruin : all her snakes  
 Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,  
 With ceaseless horrid hiss ; shall brandish quick  
 Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes  
 With sanguine fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense 105  
 Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,  
 The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints  
 Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd  
 To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss ;  
 Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight 110  
 Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.  
 In sleep, kind pause of being ! when the nerve  
 Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,  
 Retires the fated vulture, when disease  
 And disappointment quaff *lethean* draughts 115  
 Of sweet oblivion ; from his charge unblest,  
 Shall speed thy better angel : to thy dreams  
 Th' infernal gulph shall open, and disclose  
 Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake  
 Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek, 120  
 The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,  
 Shall



Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind  
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth  
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,  
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge 125  
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,  
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,  
Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore  
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far  
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste 130  
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!  
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,  
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans  
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace  
Shall prematurely perish; or survive 135  
To feel their father's infamy, and curse  
The tainted origin from which they sprung.  
For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,  
When that fair form, where all the Graces liv'd,  
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast 140  
The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,  
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes  
Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,

Ting'd



Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfading rose,  
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice, 145  
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,  
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,  
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

FROM foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid  
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home, 150  
Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands  
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,  
To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes  
The tear, by nature, love and friendship due,  
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in death 155  
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.  
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave  
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herse  
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride  
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone 160  
Protects or flatters its detested fame.  
Vain trappings of mortality! When these  
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;  
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,  
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear; 165  
And!



And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim  
 Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,  
 Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth  
 Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.

But where, Oh! where shall art or nature find, 170  
 For smarting sorrow's ever-recent wound,  
 Some blest restorative; whose pow'rful charm  
 May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast  
 Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,  
 By sad reflexion prompted, cease to fall? 175  
 These, still as moments, days and years revolve,  
 A consecrated off'ring, shall attend  
 Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:  
 Till the pale night of destiny obscure  
 Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense 180  
 Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.







A SOLILOQUY:

Occasioned by the Author's escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger.

*Quid quisque nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas.-----*

HORAT.

WHERE am I!--- O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!  
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,

Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear

Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!

What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?

5

Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,

Save me involv'd in peril and in night?

ERECT with horror stands my bristling hair;

My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes

My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,

10

No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,

X

Keen



Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.

For on the verge, the awful verge of fate

Scarce fix'd I stand ; and one progressive step

Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,

15

To gulphs impervious to the chearful sun

And fragrant breeze ; to that abhorr'd abode,

Where Silence and Oblivion, sisters drear !

With cruel Death confed'rate empire hold,

In desolation and primæval gloom.

20

HA ! what unmans me thus ? what, more than horror,

Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,

And chills my inmost soul ?--- Be still, my heart !

Nor, flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst

The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.

25

Resume your functions, limbs ! restrain those knees

From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul !

Affert thy native dignity, and dare

To brave this king of terrors ; to confront

His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,

30

With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.

Reason, that beam of uncreated day,

That ray of Deity, by God's own breath

Infus'd



Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel  
 Those fancy'd terrors: reason will instruct thee, 35  
 That death is heav'n's kind interposing hand,  
 To snatch thee timely from impending woe;  
 From aggregated misery, whose pangs  
 Can find no other period but the grave.

For oh!--while others gaze on nature's face, 40  
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams;  
 Or, with delight ineffable, survey  
 The sun, bright image of his parent God;  
 The seasons, in majestic order, round  
 This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring, 45  
 Profuse of life and joy; summer, adorn'd  
 With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth;  
 Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,  
 To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand  
 With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame: 50  
 Whilst others view heav'n's all-involving arch,  
 Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, lost in joy,  
 Fair order and utility behold:  
 Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain pursue,  
 Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole, 55



Unites th' immense stupendous works of God,  
Conjoining part with part, and, thro' the frame,  
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy :  
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,  
And grace and beauty blotted from my view. 60

The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,  
One horrid blank appear ; the young-ey'd spring,  
Effulgent summer, autumn deck'd in wealth  
To bless the toiling hind, and winter grand  
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me : 65

Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch  
Of heav'n, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.

O Beauty, Harmony ! ye sister train  
Of Graces ; you, who in th' admiring eye  
Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd 70  
On nature's form, your heav'nly features shone :  
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,  
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless waste expanse  
Of undistinguish'd horror covers all ?

Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes 75  
Her inauspicious vapour ; in whose shade,  
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,

In



In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep :  
With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share  
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn. 80

HENCE oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,  
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out  
With idiot grin : the supercilious eye  
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,  
On my obscurity diverts its gaze 85  
Exulting ; and, with wanton pride elate,  
Felicitates its own superior lot :  
Inhuman triumph ! Hence the piercing taunt  
Of titled insolence inflicted deep.  
Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame, 90  
By conscious want inspir'd ; th' unpitied pang  
Of love and friendship flighted. Hence the tear  
Of impotent compassion, when the voice  
Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,  
And rouses all its tenderness in vain. 95  
All these, and more, on this devoted head,  
Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.

NOR end my sorrows here. The sacred fane  
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,  
With



With heart-consuming anguish I behold;  
 Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns  
 With ardent thirst. . Nor can these useless hands,  
 Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,  
 Nourish this wretched being, and supply  
 Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know. 105

WHERE \* now, ah! where is that supporting arm  
 Which to my weak unequal infant steps  
 Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,  
 That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd  
 My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view, 110  
 Unimportun'd, like all-indulging heav'n,  
 Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice  
 Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews  
 Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,  
 Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight? 115  
 Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the storms,  
 The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,  
 Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd?  
 So firm the oak which, in eternal night,

\* The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened.



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 159

As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n 120  
 Its top majestic rises: such the smile  
 Of some benignant angel, from the throne  
 Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace;  
 Who on his look imprest his message bears,  
 And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill. 125  
 Alas! no wife thy parting kisses shar'd:  
 From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd  
 Thy last dear blessing and thy last advice.  
 Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,  
 In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey 130  
 For ev'ry storm, whose lawless fury roars  
 Beneath the azure concave of the sky,  
 To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.

DEJECTING prospect! soon the hapless hour  
 May come; perhaps this moment it impends, 135  
 Which drives me forth to penury and cold,  
 Naked, and beat by all the storms of heav'n,  
 Friendless and guideless to explore my way;  
 Till, on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head  
 Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast 140  
 Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.

ME



ME miserable ! wherefore, O my soul !  
 Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd ?  
 One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,  
 Had plac'd me safe in that profound recess, 145  
 Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,  
 And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.  
 Why, then, my coward soul ! didst thou recoil ?  
 Why shun the final exit of thy woe ?  
 Why shiver at approaching dissolution ? 150

SAY why, by nature's unresisted force,  
 Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns  
 And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,  
 And dread destruction, as the worst of ills ?  
 Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk 155  
 Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,  
 Which, lengthen'd, is, at best, protracted pain ?  
 Say, by what mystic charms, can life allure  
 Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far  
 Plac'd in th' extensive scale of nature, want 160  
 Those blessings heav'n accumulates on me ?  
 Blessings superior ; tho' the blaze of day  
 Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,

To



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 161

To me extinct in everlasting shades :  
 Yet heav'n-taught music, at whose powerful voice, 165  
 Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,  
 Forsake the heart, and yield it all to joy,  
 Ne'er sooths their pangs. To their insensate view  
 Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.  
 To them the noblest gift of bounteous heav'n, 170  
 Sweet conversation, whose enliv'ning force  
 Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,  
 Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.  
 The sacred sympathy of social hearts ;  
 Benevolence, supreme delight of heav'n ; 175  
 Th' extensive wish, which, in one wide embrace,  
 All beings circles, when the swelling soul  
 Partakes the joys of God ; ne'er warms their breasts.

As yet my soul ne'er felt the oppressive weight  
 Of indigence unaided : swift redress, 180  
 Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,  
 And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.  
 Tho', o'er the future series of my fate,  
 Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign

Y

To



To blend their baleful fire : oft, while the sun 185  
Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,  
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,  
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,  
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,  
Portending tempest; till the source of day 190  
Again asserts the empire of the sky,  
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws  
A keener splendor. So, perhaps, that care,  
Thro' all creation felt, but most by man,  
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh 195  
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,  
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.  
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope! perhaps my soul  
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay  
Her unextinguish'd ardor in the stream : 200  
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,  
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,  
Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force  
By which all bodies to the centre tend.

WHAT then! because th' indulgent Sire of all 205  
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;

Because



Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,  
 In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;  
 Shall I regret my destiny, and curse  
 That state, by heav'n's paternal care, design'd 210  
 To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,  
 These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heav'n,  
 In blank annihilation fade away?  
 For scenes, where, finish'd by the almighty art,  
 Beauty and order open to the sight 215  
 In vivid glory; where the faintest rays  
 Out-flash the splendor of our mid-day sun?  
 Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd  
 To each constituent of this wond'rous frame  
 Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due, 220  
 With due degrees of weakness, whence results  
 Concord ineffable; shall he reverse,  
 Or disconcert the universal scheme,  
 The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride  
 And blind desire?--- Before th' Almighty voice 225  
 From non-existence call'd me into life,  
 What claim had I to being? what to shine  
 In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb



The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,  
 Till infinite perfection crown their toil? 230  
 Who, conscious of their origin divine,  
 Eternal order, beauty, truth and good,  
 Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.

Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress  
 This tumid pride and impotence of soul: 235  
 Learn now, why all those multitudes, which croud  
 This spacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,  
 Invincibly averse to meet their fate,  
 Avoid each danger: know this sacred truth,  
 All-perfect Wisdom, on each living soul, 240  
 Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame,  
 And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."  
 Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,  
 In deep attention, hear the voice of God;  
 That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul, 245  
 Commands its resignation to his law!

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage  
 Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,  
 The wreath of conquest; basely to desert



The part assign'd me, and, with dastard fear, 250  
 From present pain, the cause of future bliss,  
 To shrink into the bosom of the grave?  
 How, then, is gratitude's vast debt repaid?  
 Where all the tender offices of love  
 Due to fraternal man, in which the heart, 255  
 Each blessing it communicates, enjoys?  
 How then shall I obey the first great law  
 Of nature's Legislator, deep impress  
 With double sanction; restless fear of death,  
 And fondness still to breathe this vital air? 260  
 Nor is th' injunction hard: who would not sink  
 A while in tears and sorrow; then emerge  
 With tenfold lustre; triumph o'er his pain;  
 And, with unfading glory, shine in heav'n?

COME then, my little guardian Genius! cloath'd 265  
 In that familiar form; my PHYLAX, come!  
 Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,  
 Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.  
 Had not thy interposing fondness staid  
 My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now, 270  
 My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,  
 Had



Had left this frame ; had pass'd the dreadful bound,  
 Which life from death divides ; divides this scene  
 From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,  
 Impervious to the sharpest mortal fight,  
 Elude our keenest search.--- But still I err. 275  
 Howe'er thy grateful undefining heart,  
 In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid ;  
 Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,  
 Not ev'n remotely distant could'st thou view. 280  
 Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,  
 Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk :  
 Nor could'st thou judge the awful depth below,  
 Which, from its watry bottom, to receive  
 My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill, 285  
 Thy deepest penetration here had stopt  
 Short of its aim ; and, in the strong embrace  
 Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.  
 No--- heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,  
 Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first 290  
 To check my heedless course ; and hence I live.

ETERNAL Providence ! whose equal sway  
 Weighs each event ; whose ever-waking care,

Con-



Connecting high with low, minute with great,  
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part 295  
In one unbroken harmony conspire:

Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!  
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!  
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,  
Unweary'd tends; and finds, in thee alone, 300  
Security, enjoyment, and repose.

By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,  
Through ev'ry period of my infant state,  
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.  
O! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm, 305  
High as thy throne, re-echoe to the songs  
Of angels, thence, O! could my pray'r obtain  
One beam of inspiration, to inflame  
And animate my numbers: heav'n's full choir,  
In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing; 310  
Yet not more ardent, more sincere, than mine.  
But tho' my voice, beneath the seraph's note,  
Must check its feeble accents, low deprest  
By dull mortality; to thee, great Soul  
Of heav'n and earth! to thee my hallow'd strain 315  
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend. Miss





Miss ——— to the AUTHOR.

**W**HILE friendship's gentle pow'rs my bosom fire,  
*Damon* accept the lays which you inspire:  
 My long-neglected muse thy worth revives;  
 And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives.  
 Domestic troubles long my mind oppress'd,  
 And made the muse a stranger to my breast;  
 Not friendship's softest charms could rouse my song,  
 Till wak'd to life by thy persuasive tongue.  
 O *Damon*, could I boast thy wond'rous skill,  
 Were but my genius equal to my will,  
 Thy praises I unwearied would proclaim;  
 And place thee with the brightest sons of fame.  
 Sure, *Damon*, 'tis some god thy breast inspires;  
 And fills thy soul with those celestial fires;  
 Thy thoughts so just, so noble, so refin'd;  
 That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,  
 May justly claim the praise of all mankind.



WHY am I call'd to leave my native plains,  
 To range on barren hills with rustick swains?  
 Far from my fellow nymphs, a sprightly throng; 20  
 And far, too far, from thy harmonious tongue!  
 Yet still thy praise shall be my fav'rite theme;  
 Each echo shall resound with *Damon's* fame:  
 And ev'ry tree shall bear his much-lov'd name.

O! could I bear thee to *Acasto's* seat, 25  
 To *Phæbus* and his sons a known retreat;  
*Acasto*, whose great mind and honest soul  
 No hopes can bias, and no fears controll.  
 He virtue's Patron long has firmly stood;  
 And, in a vicious age, been greatly good. 30  
 Oft has *Acasto* in some fragrant bower  
 Invok'd *Urania*, and confess'd her power;  
 As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,  
 And bless'd his song with well-deserved praise.  
 Were *Damon* there, to join the tuneful choir, 35  
 With all the beauties of his verse and lyre;  
 His wit would civilise our savage plains;  
 Polish our country nymphs, and rural swains.



But tho' hard fate deny my fond request,  
 It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breast; 40  
 No---- while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,  
 For thee a lasting friendship I'll maintain:  
 And when this busy scene of life is o'er,  
 Nor earth retards the soul's excursions more;  
 I'll joy to meet thee in those happier scenes, 45  
 Where unallay'd, immortal pleasure reigns.  
 There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us stray  
 Thro' the bright regions of eternal day;  
 There, of essential happiness secur'd,  
 With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd. 50  
 Some pow'r conduct us thro' the glorious road,  
 And lead us safe to that divine abode;  
 Where bliss eternal waits the virtuous soul,  
 And joys on joys in endless circles roll.

1740.

CLIO.



The





## The AUTHOR'S Answer.

**W**HEN CLIO seem'd forgetful of my pain,  
 A soft impatience throb'd in ev'ry vein;  
 Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;  
 So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow;  
 But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,  
 Just, as your taste, and as your heart, sincere;  
 My soul re-echo'd, while the melting strain  
 Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

AH! teach my verse, like your's, to be refin'd;  
 Your force of language, and your strength of mind: 10  
 Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,  
 Which ravishes the soul, and charms the heart:  
 Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ,  
 To paint your merit, and express my joy.  
 Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd, 15  
 With which great ORPHEUS polish'd human kind;



Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,  
And teach a world the sweets of social love.

WHEN great \* ACAS<sup>T</sup>O's virtues grac'd your lays,  
My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze ; 20  
Whose love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,  
Supplies the indigent, the weak defends ;  
Pursues the good of all with steady aim ;  
One bright, unwearied, unextinguish'd flame.  
What transport felt my soul, what keen delight, 25  
When its full blaze of glory met my sight !  
But soon, too soon, the happy gleam was o'er ;  
What joy can reign, where CLIO is no more ?

Ah ! hapless me ! must yet more woes inspire  
The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre ? 30  
The last and greatest of the fable train ?  
Her CLIO's absence must the muse complain,  
From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,  
And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

\* A Gentleman who then resided in *Galloway*, distinguish'd for hospitality ;  
for his inviolable attachment to the interests of his country ; and, in short, for  
all those virtues which adorned his own ancestors, and dignify human nature.

YET,



YET, while absorb'd in thought alone I stray, 35  
 On ev'ry sense while silent sorrows prey,  
 Or from some arbor, conscious of my pain,  
 While to the sighing breeze I sigh in vain;  
 May each new moment, fraught with new delight,  
 Crown your bright day, and bless your silent night: 40  
 May height'ning raptures ev'ry sense surprise,  
 Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:  
 May all on earth, and all in heav'n conspire  
 To make your pleasures lasting, and entire.  
 'Tis thine alone can sooth my anxious breast, 45  
 Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.



## EPISTLE I.

To the same. From *Edinburgh*.

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen skies,  
 And lov'd EDINA's lofty turrets rise,  
 Sing, heavenly muse! to thy lov'd CLIO sing;  
 Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping wing.

COULD



COULD I, like *URIEL*, on some pointed ray, 5  
 To your fair distant *Eden* wing my way,  
 Outstrip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,  
 And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind;  
 So strong, so swift, I'd fly the port to gain;  
 The speed of angels should pursue in vain. 10

Ah! whither, whither would my fancy stray?  
 Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way:  
 No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,  
 Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe:  
 Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame, 15  
 And, with increasing hours, increase the stream.  
 Yet, *CLIO*, hear, in pity to my smart;  
 If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:  
 Let but one line suspend my constant care,  
 Too faint for hope, too lively for despair: 20  
 Thee let me still with wonted rapture find,  
 The muses patroness, and poet's friend.







## EPISTLE II.

TO DORINDA, with *Venice Preserv'd*.

IF friendship gains not pardon for the muse,  
 Immortal OTWAY, sure, will plead excuse:  
 For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,  
 Which feel the poet, and which weep his praise.  
 Whether great JAFFIER tender griefs inspires,  
 Struggling with cruel fate, and high desires;  
 Or BELVIDERA's gentler accents flow,  
 When all her soul she breathes in love and woe:  
 Drawn from the heart the various passions shine,  
 And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.  
 As when some turtle spies her lovely mate  
 Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net;  
 Her little heart just bursting with despair,  
 She droops her wings, and breathes her soul in air.







## E P I S T L E III.

To Miss ANNIE RAE:

With the Manual of EPICTETUS, and Tablature of CEBES.

G O, happy leaves! to ANNA's view disclose  
 What solid joy from real virtue flows;

When, like the world, self-pois'd, the exalted soul,  
 Unshaken, scorns the storms that round her roll;  
 And, in herself collected, joys to find  
 Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind. 5

To bid mankind their end supreme pursue,  
 On God and nature fix their wand'ring view;  
 To teach reluctant passion to obey,  
 Check'd, or impell'd by reason's awful sway; 10  
 From films of error purge the mental eye,  
 Till undissembled good in prospect lie;  
 The soul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame:  
 Such was the *Stoic's* and *Socratic's* aim.

O! could



O! could they view from yon immortal scene, 15  
 Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,  
 Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,  
 Imbibe their truth, and in their task engage;  
 With rapture would they hail so fair a sight,  
 And feel new blifs in heav'n's supreme delight. 20



\* To Miss D. H.

In Answer to a Letter she wrote the Author from *Dumfries*.

**M**A Y Heaven's best blessings on thy head descend,  
 Whose goodness recollects an absent friend;  
 Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,  
 Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy soul;  
 With length'ning life still happier be thy state, 5  
 As by thy worth, distinguish'd by thy fate.  
 Oh! if my ardent vows successful prove;  
 If merit charms, if God himself be love;

\* The young Lady to whom the MONODY is inscribed.



Of all the lots his bounty e'er assign'd  
 To bless the best, the noblest of mankind ; 10  
 For none shall happier constellations shine,  
 None boast a sphere of ampler bliss than thine.

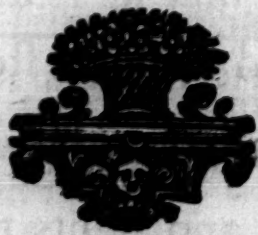
Few of thy sex, alas! how wond'rous few,  
 Bestow those kind regards to virtue due :  
 A humble name, of wealth too small a share, 15  
 A form unseemly, or a clownish air ;  
 These casual faults the squeamish fair disgust,  
 Who to be thought refin'd become unjust.  
 Not such DORINDA's more intense survey,  
 It looks for charms unconscious of decay ; 20  
 Surface and form pervades with nobler taste,  
 And views God's image on the heart imprest.  
 O may I ever share thy kind esteem,  
 In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream :  
 If future hours be ting'd with colours gay, 25  
 There let thy friendship mix its heav'nly ray ;  
 O'er all my fate if adverse planets reign,  
 O let thy gentle pity sooth my pain :  
 With this one precious good securely blest,  
 Let chance or fortune regulate the rest. 30



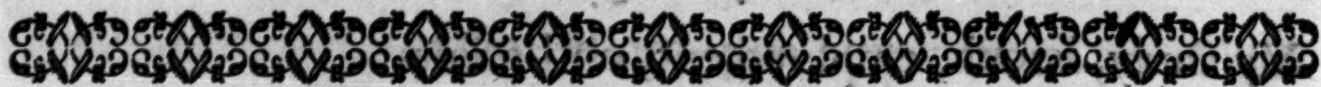
Since still to me extend your gen'rous cares,  
My study, health, employment, and affairs;  
There ever in the same dull channel flow,  
A lazy current, uniformly flow,  
Thus still from hour to hour, from day to day, 35  
Life's glimm'ring taper languishes away;  
A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,  
That wastes, and sickens into endless night.

The modes of dress, the Sophist's keen debate,  
The various politics of church or state, 40  
A soul like yours will think but trivial news,  
Beneath the care of friendship, and the muse.

In vain I urge dull thought from line to line,  
Fancy grows restive to the fond design:  
Here let the muse her weary pinions rest. 45  
Be ever kind, and Oh! be ever blest.







To Miss *A. H.* on her Marriage.

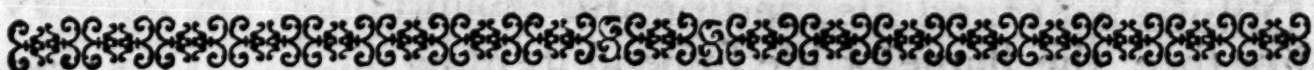
I Hate the stiff address, the studied phrase  
 Of formal compliment, and empty praise,  
 Where fancy labours to express the heart  
 With all the paint, and impotence of art:  
 But when with merit friendship's charms conspire 5  
 To bid my hand resume the votive lyre,  
 Once more my veins their former raptures know,  
 And all the muses in my bosom glow.

O thou, whose soul with every sweetness crown'd,  
 Diffuses light, and life, and pleasure round; 10  
 Whose heart with ev'ry tender sense endow'd,  
 Glows, like creative Love, serenely good;  
 Whose easy manners at one view display  
 Fancy's quick flash, and reason's steady ray;  
 While each internal charm, with sweet surprise, 15  
 Beams thro' thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes:

Bless'd



Bless'd with those joys, may all thy moments flow,  
 Which conscious virtue only can bestow :  
 That soft, eternal sunshine of the mind,  
 Sweet as thy charms, and as thy soul refin'd. 20  
 May heaven protect thee with a father's care,  
 And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.  
 O may the man now sacred to thy choice,  
 With all his soul the real blessing prize ;  
 One common end o'er all your views preside, 25  
 One wish impel you, and one purpose guide ;  
 Be all your days auspicious, calm, and bright,  
 One scene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,  
 Till time and fate exhaust their endless store,  
 And Heaven alone can make your pleasure more. 30



To the Reverend Mr. *Jameson*.

**W**H Y mourns my friend, what cause shall I assign ?  
 Why smarts that tender, honest soul of thine ?  
 What star, a foe to all that's good and great,  
 Dares, with malignant influence, dash thy fate ?

Why



Why shrinks my heart with fears not understood? 5  
What strange portentous sadness chills my blood?  
O! breathe thy latent sorrows in mine ear,  
And prompt the starting sympathetic tear.  
As tender mothers, with assiduous view,  
Their infant offspring's wand'ring steps pursue, 10  
As, wing'd from Heav'n, celestial guardians wait  
To snatch their fav'rite charge from instant fate.  
Friendship thy close attendant shall remain,  
Prepar'd to soften, or partake thy pain :  
Whether thy form, to pale disease a prey, 15  
Beneath its pressure pants the tedious day ;  
Or if some tender grief dissolves thy mind,  
Each wish extinguish'd, and each hope resign'd :  
For thee my spirits shall more languid flow ;  
For thee, the flame of life suspend its glow ; 20  
For thee this heart, with sorrows new shall groan,  
And add thy part of anguish to its own.  
Whatever scenes thy pensive walk invite,  
Thither thy friend shall bend his speedy flight.  
Say, shall our social steps together stray 25  
Thro' groves that glimmer with a twilight ray ?

Or



Or through some boundless solitary plain,  
 Where melancholy holds her pensive reign?  
 Say, through embow'ring myrtles shall we rove  
 Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeless love? 30  
 Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,  
 In uncomplaining agony expir'd?  
 There in the silent cypress shade reclin'd,  
 Let each in each a faithful suff'rer find;  
 There let our mingling plaints to Heaven ascend; 35  
 There, let our eyes their ceaseless currents blend:  
 Our mingling plaints shall stop the passing gale,  
 And each enamour'd echo sigh the tale.  
 For whilst I speak, ev'n in this mortal hour,  
 Perhaps relentless death exerts its pow'r, 40  
 Perhaps the shaft already wings its way  
 Too surely aim'd, and \* *Barnet* falls its prey.  
 Him nature, with no common care, design'd,  
 His form embellish'd, and his soul refin'd;

\* Mr. *Barnet*, an Englishman, a dear and intimate friend of our poet. He was a student of physic in the University of *Edinburgh*; and at the time the above epistle was written, lay dangerously ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after; in the bloom of youth; much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by Mr. *Blacklock*; who scarce ever mentions his name without a tear.



Proud of her task, and with a mother's eyes 45  
Exulting view'd his op'ning graces rise.  
O! with what ardor did his piercing view,  
Through every maze of nature, truth pursue!  
Sacred to virtue and the muse, his breast  
With Heaven's own loveliest image was imprest. 50  
Like Heaven's eternal goodness unconfin'd,  
His soul, with one fond wish, embrac'd mankind:  
For them his time, his cares were all employ'd;  
Their griefs he felt, their happiness enjoy'd;  
His parents now, in bitterness of pain, 55  
Shall ask from Heaven and earth their son in vain;  
In vain, his friends, with pious gifts shall tell  
How gay he blossom'd, and how early fell.  
Through all his frame a fever's fury reigns,  
Consumes his vitals, and inflames his veins, 60  
In tears the salutary arts retreat,  
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.

Here pause, my friend, and with due candour own  
Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone;  
Others, like thee, its dire contents must drain, 65  
And share their full inheritance of pain.

But



But O! may brighter hours thy life attend ;  
 Such as from Heaven on happy love descend ;  
 Such gleams, as still on conscious virtue shine  
 By God and man approv'd, be ever thine. 70

May reason, arm'd with each persuasive art,  
 Inspire thy precepts, as she guides thy heart :  
 Nor let thy soul the smallest portion know  
 Of all my past distress, or present woe.



An EPI TAPH, on his FATHER.

**H**ERE drop, benevolence, thy sacred tear,  
 A friend of human kind reposes here :  
 A man, content itself, and God, to know ;  
 A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow :  
 A soul superior to each mean disguise ; 5  
 Truth's sacred voice, and pity's melting eyes :  
 Beneath each pressure, uniformly great ;  
 In life untainted, unsurpriz'd by fate :



Such, tho' obscur'd by various ills, he shone;  
 Consol'd his neighbours woes, and bore his own: 10  
 Heav'n saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,  
 To share the triumphs of eternal day.



To Mrs. *Anne Blacklock*, the AUTHOR'S  
 Mother.

With a Copy of the *Scotch* Edition of his Poems.

O THOU! who gav'st me first this world t'explore,  
 Whose frame, for me, a mother's anguish bore;  
 For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,  
 Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd:  
 What tho' thy son, dependent, weak, and blind, 5  
 Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?  
 Tho' want, impending, cloud each chearless day,  
 And death with life seem struggling for their prey?  
 Let this console, if not reward, thy pain,  
 Unhappy he may live, but not in vain. 10

P R O-





PROLOGUE to *OTHELLO*:

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at the Opening of the Play-house in  
DUMFRIES.

**Y**E souls! by soft humanity inspir'd,  
For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;  
Where taste and commerce, amicably join'd,  
Imbellish life, and cultivate the mind:  
Without a blush you may support our stage; 5  
No tainted joys shall here your view engage.  
To tickle fools with prostituted art,  
Debauch the fancy, and corrupt the heart,  
Let others stoop; such meanness we despise,  
And please with virtuous objects virtuous eyes. 10

THE tender soul what dire convulsions tear,  
When whisp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;  
How heav'nly mild, yet how intensely bright,  
Fair Innocence, tho' clouded, strikes the sight;  
What endless plagues from jealous fondness flow, 15  
This night our faithful scenes attempt to show:



No new-born whim, no hasty flash of wit ;  
But nature's dictates by great SHAKESPEARE writ.

IMMORTAL bard ! who, with a master hand,  
Could all the movements of the soul command ; 20  
With pity sooth, with terror shake her frame ;  
In love dissolve her, or to rage inflame.

To taste and virtue, heav'n-descended pair !  
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care ;  
To crown our ardor, let your fav'ring smile 25  
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil :  
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,  
But when they share some DESDAEMONA'S woe.



## PROLOGUE to HAMLET:

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at *Dumfries*.

INSPIR'D with pleasing hope to entertain,  
Once more we offer SHAKESPEARE'S heav'nly strain ;  
While, hov'ring round, his laurel'd shade surveys  
What eyes shall pour their tribute to his praise ;

What



What hearts with tender pity shall regret 5  
The bitter grief that clouds OPHELIA's fate.

ONCE fair she flourish'd, nature's joy and pride,  
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.  
Severe extremes of tenderness and woe,  
When love and virtue mourn one common blow; 10  
When griefs alternate o'er the bosom reign,  
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry thought is pain!  
Here nature triumph'd, on her throne sublime,  
And mock'd each pygmy muse of later time;  
Till SHAKESPEARE touch'd the soul with all her smart, 15  
And stamp'd her living image on the heart.

FROM his instructive song we deeply feel,  
How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.  
Tho' night and silence with the fraud conspire,  
To bid the crime from human search retire; 20  
Tho' yet the traitor seem from harm secure,  
And fate a while suspend th' avenging hour:  
Tho' fortune nurse him with a mother's care,  
And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare:  
In vain he struggles to disguise his smart, 25  
A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart;

While



While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,  
And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him rise.

SUCH salutary truths their light diffuse,  
Where honours due attend the tragic muse; 30  
Deep by her sacred signature imprest,  
They mingle with the soul, and warm the breast.  
Hence taught of old, the pious and the sage,  
With veneration, patroniz'd the stage.

BUT, soft! methinks you cry with some surprize, 35  
"How long intend you thus to moralize?"  
Our prologue deviates from establish'd rules,  
Nor shocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,  
'Tis true; but, dully fond of common sense,  
We still think spleen to wit has no pretence; 40  
Think impudence is far remote from spirit,  
And modesty, tho' awkward, has some merit.







The AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

**W**HILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,  
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;  
Deign, lovely SELF! with art and nature's pride,  
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.

SELF is the grand pursuit of half mankind: 5  
How vast a croud by self, like me, are blind!  
By self, the fop, in magic colours shewn,  
Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:  
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,  
Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade. 10  
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;  
Thy charms to others, as to me, display.

STRAIGHT is my person, but of little size;  
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:  
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare; 15  
Politely distant stands each single hair.  
My voice, too rough to charm a lady's ear;  
So smooth, a child may listen without fear;

Not



Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,  
To sooth the fair thro' pleasure's wanton ways. 20

My form so fine, so regular, so new;  
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;  
Oft, as I meet the croud, they laughing say,  
" See, see *Memento mori* cros the way."

The ravish'd PROSERPINE at last, we know, 25  
Grew fondly jealous of her fable beau;  
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly;  
One heart the Devil could wound— so cannot I.

YET, tho' my person fearless may be seen,  
There is some danger in my graceful mien: 30  
For, as some vessel, to's'd by wind and tide,  
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;  
In just vibration thus I always move:  
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?

HAIL! charming self! by whose propitious aid 35  
My form in all its glory stands display'd:  
Be present still; with inspiration kind,  
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.

LIKE



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 193

LIKE all mankind, with vanity I'm blest'd ;  
 Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd. 40  
 To strong desires my heart an easy prey,  
 Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.  
 This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe ;  
 The next I wonder why I should do so.  
 Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye ; 45  
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lye.  
 I ne'er, for satire, torture common sense ;  
 Nor show my wit at God's, nor man's expence.]  
 Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown ;  
 With well to all, and yet do good to none. 50  
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear ;  
 Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.  
 Dishonest flames my bosom never fire ;  
 The bad I pity, and the good admire :  
 Fond of the muse, to her devote my days, 55  
 And scribble--- not for *pudding*, but for *praise*.

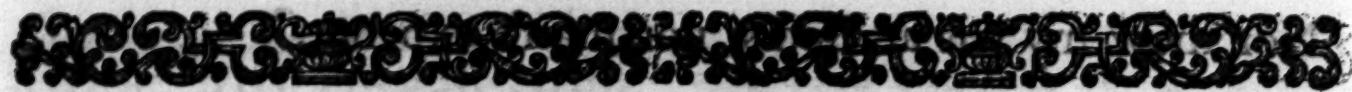
THESE careless lines if any virgin hears,  
 Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,  
 She may consent a gen'rous flame to own ;  
 And I no longer sigh the nights alone. 60

C c

But,



But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,  
 Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;  
 Cry, Save us, heav'n! a spectre, not a man!  
 Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:  
 If I my tender overture repeat; 65  
 O! may my vows her kind reception meet!  
 May she new graces on my form bestow,  
 And, with tall honours, dignify my brow! \*



### An Extempore EPIGRAM:

On a GIRL bringing in a Bottle of Wine.

**T**ERRESTRIAL HEBE! come, and banish woe;  
 Let mighty wine in gen'rous bumpers flow:  
 All flame, all spirit, let the glass go round;  
 Each face be brighten'd, and each wish be crown'd!

\* The manner, in which our Author has conducted this piece, is very remarkable. None, but one possessed of Mr. BLACKLOCK's happy temper of mind, would have been so pleasant at his own expence. However, lest the Ladies of future ages should think this humorous description real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful Painter, the picture would by no means have been so ludicrous.

R. H.

ATLAS,



ATLAS, the prop of Jove's sublime abodes, 5  
 Oft groans beneath the weight of stagg'ring gods:  
 Their great example let us then pursue;  
 We cannot err in what our authors do:  
 Like them in joys unconscious of allay,  
 Laugh, drink, and sing eternity away. 10



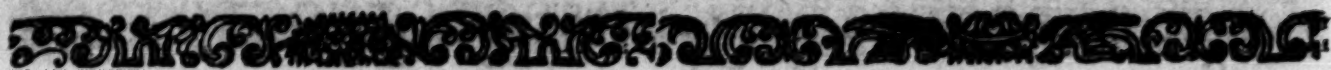
To a GENTLEMAN, who asked my Sentiments of him.

An EPIGRAM.

DEAR FABIVS! me if well you know,  
 You ne'er will take me for your foe;  
 If right yourself you comprehend,  
 You ne'er will take me for your friend.







## On PUNCH:

## An EPIGRAM.

**H**ENCE! restless care, and low design;  
Hence! foreign compliments and wine:

Let gen'rous BRITONS, brave and free,

Still boast their *Punch* and honesty.

Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,

And we the guests who share the treat;

Where strong, insipid, sharp and sweet,

Each other duly temp'ring, meet.

A while with joy the scene is crown'd;

A while the catch and toast go round:

And, when the full carouse is o'er,

Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.

Say then, Physicians of each kind,

Who cure the body, or the mind;

What harm in drinking can there be,

Since *Punch* and life so well agree?

On





On MARRIAGE:

An EPIGRAM.

YOUNG CELIA, now a blooming bride,

Sat from her friends apart, and cry'd;

Her faithful CHLOE view'd her care,

And thus consol'd the weeping fair:

Good heav'n! in tears! for shame! look gay; 5

Nor cloud with grief your nuptial day.

If brides in tears receive their spouses,

What must the hapless wretch who loses?

Besides, my dear, you know 'tis reason,

That all things have a proper season: 10

Now, 'tis in marriage a plain case,

That crying holds the second place.

Let vulgar souls in sorrow sink,

Who always act, and never think:

But, to reflecting minds like you, 15

Marriage can sure have nothing new.

On

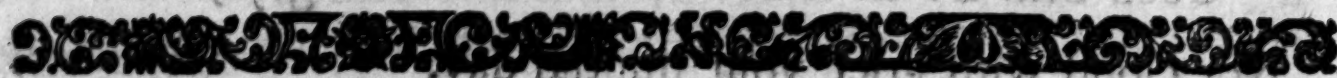




On the SAME.

An EPIGRAM.

WHOEVER seals the marriage vow,  
'Tis well agreed, makes one of two:  
But who can tell, save G--d alone,  
What numbers may make *two* of *one*.



An EPITAPH,

On a Favourite LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;  
I never bit without a reason;  
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;  
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.  
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,  
Happy for man, he could say so!

5

A SPEECH



A S P E E C H, delivered by the Author,  
before an A M I C A B L E S O C I E T Y  
at *Edinburgh*.

Mr. P R E S I D E N T,

**W**ERE an orator to draw any advantage to his character from the cause he pleads, few opportunities could be more favourable to such a design than the present: but unhappily for me! in proportion to the excellency of the subject treated, it is expected, that the sentiments and style should rise in dignity and justness; yet, however unequal to my present task the execution may be, I flatter myself that the subject will still be thought worthy your attention. As advancement in knowledge and virtue is the most worthy pursuit of intelligent beings; so it is the most striking and amiable recommendation to our esteem, where-ever we behold it: This is the noble end which friendship proposes; this the generous spirit which animates the present Society.

Friendship may be defined “a sentiment of high appro-  
“ bation entertained by two or more persons, begun and con-  
“ tinued by a consciousness of virtue in each; heighten’d  
“ and improved by familiarity, and a mutual intercourse of  
“ kind offices.” Other circumstances there are (such as  
equality of age and station, similarity in temper and opinion,  
unity of taste and genius, which may contribute much to  
this connection: But these are too numerous and too little  
essential



essential to friendship, to be either easily comprehended in any general definition, or absolutely necessary to constitute it.

It has been a subject of warm dispute for many ages, “Whether friendship from selfish regards; from a sense of indigence and weakness in particulars; and from the accession of strength and influence which may accrue to them, by their union with others.” Is it necessary that this should fall under our present consideration? Nay, may it not be further asked, Whether reason is a proper and immediate judge of this case? Does not every man’s heart, at first view, pronounce such an opinion equally absurd and unworthy of human nature? Can we readily confess, that, even in the animal world, we recognize amiable instincts and tender sentiments, which cannot possibly be supposed to arise from selfish motives; and yet deny the same beautiful constitution in the human nature, which is allowed more like God himself than any other that falls under our observation?

’Tis acknowledged, that inferior ranks of being are more swayed by impulse and appetite than we, that their attention is almost wholly ingross’d by present gratification; and that they are little, or not at all, capable of reasoning from analogy and past experience; or of judging by an induction of similar circumstances, of future events. Those instances of seeming foresight which may be discovered in ants and bees, are seldom attributed to reflection, and a consciousness of approaching winter: Yet, it would seem from these, gentlemen, that all their actions must be resolved into views of future interest and pleasure. Excellent reasoning this, and worthy the most sublime philosophy! When we would detract from animal nature, we deny them the smallest dawn



dawn of reason : When we would obliterate every thing lovely or graceful in our own, we assert, that no sensible being can act but from distant and interested views.

The hen is, by one of our best authors, said to be among the most stupid animals, yet when she resigns the free possession of the fields and air, when with the most tender assiduity, she confines herself to one place and situation, when she continues indefatigable in her task, notwithstanding cold and other hardships ; when she sacrifices her strongest and most favourite appetites to the production and nourishment of her young : All this we must no doubt imagine, arises from her sage conclusion, that, in the space of three weeks she shall have the pleasure to see a race of beings produced, which will pick up food for her, and protect her in her old age. Nay (since, in complaisance to our hypothesis, we have dignified her with no mean portion of reason) may we not suppose further, that she considers them as the heirs of her fortune, and destin'd to the important task of propagating her name and posterity ?

But not to dwell too long on this circumstance : If we will consult the unprejudiced sentiments of our hearts, are we not conscious of loving something ultimately, and for its own sake ? Have the most diffusive benevolence, the most impartial justice, the strictest temperance, the most consummate wisdom, the most invincible magnanimity, no intrinsic charms ? Do not the very ideas of characters and intentions (even abstracted from all the circumstances of time, place, and person), yield the mind a pleasure, infinitely superior in reality, quantity, and duration, to all the gratifications of selfish affection, tho' their fruition could be united together in the same instant ? When we form a generous wish, or do

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a liberal action, are we in the least conscious of such a reflection, as that it may be productive of future benefit or pleasure to us? In instances of compassion, when we increase our own necessities to supply those of the sufferer; or while we save the lives of others with the imminent hazard, and sometimes at the expence of our own; what future golden expectations can actuate us? What chimerical prospects, what seas of milk, and ships of amber, carry us on in such romantic projects?

Let us then, with candour own, that such is the lovely frame of our nature, such the benignant constitution, which we owe to our CREATOR; that we must love virtue and virtuous persons simply and ultimately for themselves. And, though all things in nature have an innate tendency to like things, yet can she boast no attraction so delightful, so strong, so universal as this. For of all the desires of the human heart, where it remains untainted by vice, such as lead us to virtue and her admirers, are alone insatiable of their objects. Gratification only rouses them to a greater keenness, and extends them to admit higher degrees of enjoyment. Hence it is, that as every one is least dependent on external advantages, and places all his happiness in his own mind; such an one is ever most remarkable for cultivating friendship with the greatest ardour and fidelity. Benevolence indeed is not entirely confined in its influence and operations to particulars; it makes the universal good its proper object; but in friendship it exerts itself with more force and alacrity. For, as rational beings are removed at a greater distance from us, their situations and dispositions are less strikingly perceived by us; and, consequently, the peculiar emotions, that each of these naturally excites, are less



less forcible. But our friends are still at hand, and their concerns always obvious to our view. Hence the different affections excited by them carry us more swiftly into action, and engage us more warmly in it: Thus the union of friendship is little less intimate than that of the soul with the body; each of the parties as it were acquiring new instruments of perception, and powers of action, from that relation. And it is frequently a question with them, whether they are more their own property, or that of their friends. So far is friendship from being a selfish pursuit, that the advantages arising from it are its consequences, not its causes.

Yet, however excellent this Society may be, however agreeable to nature, and however fruitful of all that makes us secure and happy; there are not wanting, in common life, who make very free with its character, and urge, in justification of what they say, the specious title of experience. Friendship, they tell us, is a mere name, an *ens rationis*, which, by its flattering appearance, courts us to the snare; and there leaves us to beat the wing, and struggle in perpetual uneasiness, or perish. No sooner, according to them, are we entered into the fairy scene, than selfishness, discord, and treachery, display their horrid forms, and blast all its imaginary beauties. These are common-place lamentations, but what do they discover? Do they shew us, that friendship is not according to nature? that it is uneasy, or impracticable? far from it. The mighty secret is only this, that the persons whose pathetic complaints we have been hearing, wanted a sufficient share of prudence or disinterestedness to support the dignity of such engagements. A grand discovery, this! but such an one, as might have been made with much less pains and rhetoric. If leagues of interest and



pleasure sacrilegiously usurp the name of friendship, why should we wonder if the ties are broken asunder with noise and tumult, when the parties become competitors in their darling aim?

There is another class, generally called friends, who are joined by accident, humour, or caprice. These make a mighty bustle in their fondness; nothing passes, for some time, amongst them, but caresses and compliments. When, lo! circumstances are reversed, the whim changes, and all their loquacious tenderness vanishes in air. Often too, in connections much better founded, an unforgiving spirit prevails. Our own weaknesses are viewed with a partial eye; those of our friends magnified to a gigantic stature. Nothing is expected from them but perfection; while, alas! all the return we can often make is ill-humour and infirmity. If these are incident to human life, if they are the misfortunes of our nature, must we blame friendship for them? How unjust, how impious, would such a conduct be? Let us think more maturely and deliberately, and we shall soon turn our execrations on ourselves: We shall soon find, that we have either been too imprudent in choosing our friends, or too variable in supporting what we had so rashly begun. Friendship, that friendship which renowned a *Damon* and *Pythias*, a *Pylades* and *Orestes*, a *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, is incapable of change, or extinction. It is gentle, pure, permanent, bright, and immortal, as the souls in which it exists.

Others object, more charitably, that friendship is scarcely to be considered in the light of virtue and duty; that human nature has sufficient propensities to contract it, without being influenced by the motives of positive reward; and that, as a lens collects the rays of the sun, so friendship contracts the affections



affections of the mind ; which, for that reason, operate with more violence upon objects at hand, but are less diffusive in their influence.--- 'Tis to little purpose for me to examine the merits of friendship metaphysically : Let those, who are impelled to action by that lovely affection, while in due subordination to the rest ; let those judge how far they are virtuous ; and to what reward they are intitled. If indeed a blind affection takes up the whole attention of the mind, if it contracts her views, and limits the exercise of her nobler powers ; such an affection is a vice, but far from being intitled to the sacred name of Friendship, which can only be inspired and conducted by virtue.

In short, if to sustain weakness, to supply indigence, to advise imprudence, to reprove and rectify error, be virtues, these friendship may assume by the most unquestionable right. Are our spirits depressed by misfortune, or constitution ? She, like a salutary ray from Heaven, dissipates the gloom ; and throws a new splendor over the face of nature. Are our powers relaxed with continued exertion ? Her gentle yet efficacious influence braces every nerve, winds up the inert machine, and gives it indefatigable energy. By her our studies are enlivened with new force ; and our pursuits accelerated by the hopes of a new reward. Life and pleasure, by her influence, are cultivated with new relish ; by her they become objects worthy of our concern.

While the ruling passions of some direct them to honour, of others to riches, of others to fame, and of others to independency of life ; while numbers are allured by the glare of dress and equipage, and some by the more laudable prosecution of knowledge ; each of them expresses no small degree of contempt for his neighbour's choice ; but friendship

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is the universal subject of praise. To her, as to their common source of felicity, men of all tastes and professions pay the unfeigned acknowledgements of their hearts. Without her the world is solitary; science a barren and forbidding employment; and nature itself no more a system, but a collection of jarring and detached parts, whose beginning or end are no longer explicable.

Almost every object of our desires is only accommodated to one peculiar end; riches procure external splendor and enjoyment; a number of dependants extends our power and influence; posts of honour acquire obedience and respect; but friendship brings along with it every other good which we can wish. Other advantages are only suited to certain times, places, and circumstances; friendship is beneficial at all times, and in all places. She is every-where present, every-where active, every-where munificent. The flowing stream, the cooling breeze, the chearful light of Heaven, dispense not more universal nor more valuable blessings than she. She gilds prosperity with double lustre; and, by participation, makes adversity itself supportable.

A friend, when he beholds another united to him by the same endearing tie, beholds, as it were, the reflected image of himself; and partaking in the most sensible manner these sentiments which arise from the vicissitudes of his friend's fortune, he enjoys the pleasures of affluence in poverty, of glory in obscurity, of company in solitude, of health in sickness, and (what is still more surprising) of life in death. The last thought is much better expressed by Cicero--- *Cumque plurimas et maximas commoditates amicitia contineat, tum illa nimirum præstat omnibus, quod bona spe præluceat in futurum; nec debilitari animos, aut cadere patitur: Verum enim?*

*amicum*

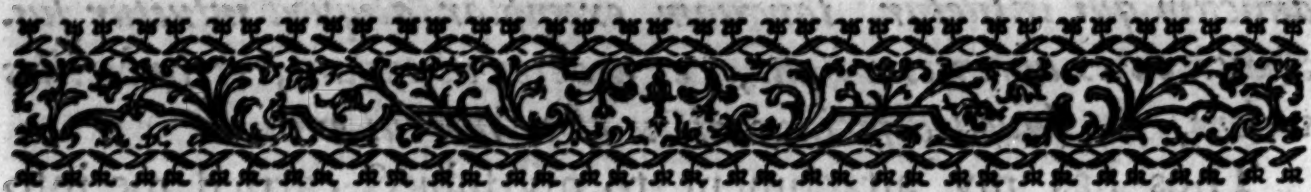


*amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui. Quocirca et absentes adsunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, (quod difficilius dictu est), mortui vivunt.*

Thus has my attachment to my subject carried me into eulogiums which perhaps may not bear a critical examination. Be it far from me, to throw a shade over this weakness, by calling it an amiable one. Were I to plead any advantage from my propensity to friendship, it would be that this Society may act like friends; and agreeably to the intention of such probationary essays, deliver their impartial judgments of what has been said.







ON THE  
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.  
AN  
ESSAY.

*The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the warring elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.*

Mr. Addison's CATO.

**W**HOEVER will turn his intellectual eyes inwardly, and make his mind the subject of its own attention, will easily discover traces of energy and grandeur beyond all that can strike the corporeal senses : And in proportion as the mind is successfully cultivated, all her inimitable graces arise in number and brightness. Modifications of sound and colour, symmetry and order of parts, proper dispositions of light and shade, are only faint imitations of this internal beauty ; and owe their brightest charms to the tendency they have



have toward elevating the mind above them, to the contemplation of her own majestic form.

Is it not then natural, and highly agreeable to all our experiences, to imagine, that this fair structure, this supremely amiable beauty, shall be more permanent than those of an inferior kind? What a different appearance would the whole conduct of nature assume, if she expressed no more value for those of her works which seem to bear the highest impressions of her art, than for those which, in proportion, appear only the product of a careless hand? Can we then be easily led to think, that the Soul, which of all the known productions of nature, seems to be her favourite child, shall only be coeval with the flowers of the field, or the fading colours of the rainbow? And as the hope, that nature will proportion the duration of this beauty to its worth, at first view appears probable; so it is attended with advantages which render it highly worthy of indulgence. And though the stoical notion in all its strictness be admitted, "That we ought to hope for nothing out of our own power, and that immortality is one of the (a) *τὰ ἔξ ἐφ' ἡμῶν*;" yet we are in no danger of being disappointed. For if the opinion is true, then shall the virtuous become possessed of all they hoped for: But if otherwise, as we don't survive our loss, so we must be absolutely insensible of it. Besides, it hinders not in the least our pursuing virtue as its own reward; for as existence in itself is indifferently capable of pleasure and pain, according to its different circumstances, it can never be desired merely for its own sake. The instinct of self-preservation is blind, and void of reflection; we therefore wish to exist, because existence is necessary to enjoyment. And as the possession of virtue is perhaps the only real en-

(a) Things not in our power. Vid. *Epiet. Man.*



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joyment, the desire of Immortality is, or ought to be, that of the eternal possession of virtue. The only dangerous extremes, towards which the opinion of a future state can tend, are, either when ideas of that state inflame the mind with such desires to change her situation, as render her careless and impatient of life, or cloud her with superstition and horror. But if we would duly regulate our passions, we ought to consider, that in none of these cases are we fit for the state we may thus pursue or avoid. Nothing is more just than that antient maxim, "That we ought to go out of life as from a plentiful entertainment, without satiety or regret." As our minds advance in such a temper, we may begin to entertain the desire of Immortality; and try how far our expectations are ill or well founded. But in this search, as in all other matters of fact, it is to be feared, that we must be content with evidence inferior to demonstration, though sufficiently strong to gain our assent, and influence our course of action.

As the object of our investigation is the Soul, it is natural to examine what presages of her duration may be discovered in her natural qualities; what in those which are called moral, and their relation to the universe in general; and what may be expected from the goodness, wisdom, and justice of her Creator.

One obvious quality of the Soul, is that of spontaneous motion (*a*); every man feels in himself a free principle of activity, the motions of which neither begin from any thing external, nor are continued by it; but are essentially inherent in the Soul itself. It must be confessed, that we are first excited to action by perceptions of pleasure and pain, or

(*a*) The Immortality of the Soul proven from self-motion.



by judgments formed in consequence of them: But these perceptions or opinions cannot be said to act on the mind as one part of matter acts upon another: For whatever the substance of the Soul be, yet its ideas must be immaterial (*b*); and to suppose an immaterial thing to act by contact or impulse, is absurd. When one body impels another, there is nothing requisite to move the body impelled, but the impulse itself: But when any pleasing or painful perception (which we may compare to the *Vis impressa*) awakens the attention of the mind; she in most cases looks round her, she deliberates whether a change of state is proper, or the present more eligible, and moves or rests accordingly. Whence it is plain, that any perception in the mind contributes no further to action, than by exciting the active powers; whereas matter blindly and obstinately continues in that state in which it is, whether of motion or rest, till some other adequate cause changes it. For suppose rest to be the state of any body, some external force will be requisite to put it in motion; and, in proportion, as that force is great or small, the motion will be swift or slow. But if this body did not continue pertinaciously in its former state, no external force would be requisite to change it; nor, when changed, would different degrees of force be necessary to move the body in different degrees of velocity. And, on the contrary, when motion is impressed on any body, to bring it to rest, some force *ab extra* must always be applied, and that too in proportion to the intended effect. Nor is this resistance discovered in bodies only when moved in particular directions; for 'tis found not only to bear proportion to the *Vis impressa*, but likewise to the quantity of matter moved; *i. e.* to the quantity of its

(*b*) See Wollaston on Nat. Religion.



solid extended parts. But if it were possible to abstract from matter the qualities of solidity and extension, the matter, whence these qualities were abstracted, would no longer resist; and consequently resistance is the necessary result of them, which therefore in all directions must be the same. Again, if the degrees of resistance in any body be in proportion to the *Vis impressa*, it will follow, that when that body is considered in any particular state, whether of motion or rest, the degrees of resistance will either indefinitely multiply or decrease, according to all possible degrees of the moving force. But when the same body is considered absolutely, or without fixing any particular state, the resistance is immutable; and all the degrees of it, which that body would exert upon the accession of any impressed force, must be conceived as actually in it. Nor can matter have any tendency or *conatus* contrary to that resistance; for if it has, it must either be equal or superior to resistance itself: If equal, the two contrary tendencies would destroy each other; if superior, the resistance would be destroyed, and the excess of this tendency alone remain: And thus change would eternally succeed to change, without one intermediate instant; so that no time could be assigned when any body was in any particular state. Gravitation itself, the most simple and universal law, seems far from being a tendency natural to matter; since it is found to act internally, and not in proportion to the superficies of any body; which it would do, if it were the mechanical action of matter upon matter. From all this it appears, that matter, considered merely as such, is so far from having a principle of spontaneous motion, that it is stubbornly unactive, and must eternally remain in the same state in which it happens to be, except influenced by some other, *i. e.* some immaterial power. The human Soul therefore must be possessed



fessed of such a power ; for every one, as has been said, is conscious of an internal activity ; and to dispute this, would be to dispute us out of one of the most real and intimate perceptions we have.

One cannot forbear to stop here, and observe, that though a material automaton were allowed possible, yet how infinitely would it fall short of that force and celerity which every one feels in himself ? How dull and lazy are all the motions of matter which fall under our observation ? How slow and gradual their transitions from one part of space to another ? Whereas the mind, by one instantaneous effort measures the distance from pole to pole, from heaven to earth, from one fixed star to another ; in short, not confined by the limits of the visible creation, she shoots into immensity itself with a rapidity, compar'd to which, the speed of lightening and sun-beams is languid and inert. Who then shall assign a period to that (a) *εντελεχεια*, which, though depressed with so much dead weight, is ever active, and unconscious of fatigue or relaxation ? And as the mind is herself a principle of action, so it is probable she actuates the body without the assistance of any intermediate power ; both from the gradual command which she acquires of its members by habit, and from a capacity of determining, in some measure, the quantity of pleasure or pain which any sensible perception can give her. If we suppose the interposing power a spirit, the same difficulty of spirit acting upon matter still remains ; and the volitions of our own mind will as well account for the motions of the body, as the interposition of any other spiritual substance. In short, we may as well ask, why the mind is not conscious of that interposition, as why

(a) A term taken from *Aristotle*, and defined by *Cicero*, "a lasting and uninterrupted action."



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she is ignorant of the means by which she communicates motion to the body. This naturally introduces the consideration of another conspicuous quality of the Soul, which is Unity.

Every conscious being (*a*) perceives himself at all times to be distinctly and individually one. This sense of unity, or unicity, necessarily attends all our perceptions, actions, and even the consciousness of existence itself. So that he who can persuade himself, that the principle which feels, reflects, and wills in him, is not necessarily and individually one; may as well persuade himself, that it has no existence at all. It may therefore be worth while to examine, how far this quality is compatible with matter, and what is intrinsically implied in it.

The quality of consciousness being in its own nature simple, and not admitting the idea of composition, must inhere in a subject suitable to its nature, *i. e.* absolutely and necessarily indivisible. To suppose it therefore either itself a quality inherent in matter, or resulting from other material qualities, or superadded to particular systems of matter, seems repugnant not only to reason but common sense: For it is plain, that matter, by its own nature, is divisible; and that, after having divided any portion of it into parts, however minute, we can still suppose every one of these parts divided, without coming to any end. These parts, however closely they cohere, are as much distinct as if disjoined by one, or by a hundred miles. All the qualities in any material system, are no more than the sum or aggregate of all the qualities of its distinct parts. If therefore consciousness subsists in any material substratum as a quality, it must either subsist com-

(*a*) From unity of consciousness.



plete and perfect in the whole, or such in every particular part. But as the parts in any material composition are essentially distinct from each other, and their conjunction in any manner merely accidental, so the qualities of those parts must be equally distinct: So that consciousness, to which unity is ascribed with more propriety than to any thing else in nature, cannot subsist in the whole of any subject whose parts are separable. To suppose it accomplished in every particular part, is to suppose every conscious being possessed of as many minds as there are atoms in its material form: And if even the minutest part of matter is still supposed capable of division by us, who knows how much farther the power of any superior being could carry this division? And at this rate there is no small stock of consciousness in nature, since every reptile or insect, which is in the least degree sensible, has an indefinite number of consciousnesses; each of which must feel for itself, and consequently feel itself distinct from all the consciousnesses of its adjacent parts. This will not bear to be insisted on; neither is the supposition, "That a cogitative principle may be the effect of any conjunction of powers or qualities in matter, whether known or unknown," in the least more successful. For if we imagine them unknown, they must either be consciousness itself, and so liable to all the former inconsistencies; or consciousness must result from them, *i. e.* they must produce a positive quality, absolutely and essentially different from themselves; they must accomplish an effect, of which they cannot be causes; and in short, they must create something out of nothing. It might be expected, that they who so warmly assert consciousness a possible effect of unknown qualities in matter, would produce any similar instance from the known; or any case in which their conjunction produces one positive quality



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quality different from themselves (*a*). This would at least give some countenance, tho' very little, to those who would reason from analogy; but in this point they have hitherto failed.

That consciousness cannot result from the primary qualities of matter, is plain; for extension, solidity, figure, and motion, however modified, are no more than those qualities themselves in that particular modification: Nor from the secondary, because these are nothing real in external objects; but mere feelings in sensitive beings (*b*). Now to suppose consciousness such a quality, would be to suppose perception prior to consciousness, or, in other words, consciousness prior to itself. What we improperly call powers of matter will still less admit this supposition; because they are the simple result of essential qualities; and as they are mere effects, they may be either hindered or produced without any real addition or change in any substance whatever. Thus the operation of the sun on wax depends entirely on such a position of each, as that the primary qualities of the one may influence the other. But as consciousness, whatever be its subject, if removed, must imply a diminution from that subject, it is a real positive quality; and, by the former reasoning, must exist in an immaterial uncompounded, indivisible substance. Thus having found that a power of cogitation can neither be essential to matter, nor the effect of other essential qualities or powers; we need only recollect the same principles, to discover the absurdity of imagining it super-added as a quality to any material system: For not to mention the inconsistency of supposing *that* to be a mere quality, which is the subject of so many other qualities, how can it

(*a*) See Notes at the end.

(*b*) See LOCKE on *Understanding*.



be added to any whole, without being added to its particular parts? And as these are essentially separable, a distinct consciousness must be added to each; all which summed up must constitute one indivisible consciousness; which is a contradiction. Besides, were the Soul superadded to the body as a quality, the degree and force of that quality must diminish as the body is divided; for this is the case with all other superadded qualities. When any piece of matter is heated, he who divides it abstracts from the quantity of heat existing in it proportionably to the parts he takes away: But, in fact, it appears, that amputations of the human body does not lessen the force of the conscious principle: The Soul therefore being an immaterial substance, which naturally and necessarily implies indiscerptability, it must be naturally immortal, not only as a substance, but likewise as in possession of all those active powers which distinguish and constitute a thinking being. For as we cannot suppose the minutest particle even of matter utterly destroyed, so neither can we separate its essential qualities from it. All changes in matter which we either observe or can conceive, are merely changes of form; the parts still remain the same, not to be annihilated by any power of nature; and retaining still their specifical solidity, magnitude, &c. Now, if no material substance can perish, and if all its real qualities are inseparable from it, much less can the Soul, whose substance is an absolute stranger to composition, and whose qualities are much more one with the substance itself, be imagined capable of destruction. What is it we call death, but a dissolution or separation of parts? Thus the separation of the Soul from the body occasions its death, by being the cause of such a dissolution: But the Soul itself does not appear, in this crisis, to

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suffer any dissolution of its own parts. For what are its own parts? they are its powers, affections, thoughts, its own peculiar exertions; itself ever remaining one, and consequently not capable of dissolution, for nothing can be separated from itself.

It will not be denied, that the same power which gave the Soul existence, can likewise annihilate it; but as in itself it has no tendency to change, dissipation, or destruction, or rather, as in its own nature it implies integrity both with regard to its substance and qualities, so to accomplish its annihilation, it will require a contrary exertion of the productive cause, equal to that by which it was produced. But that this should ever be put in execution, we can see no reason to fear; nay, on the contrary (if we may judge of the intention which any designing agent has in his productions, from the relation they seem to bear to an end), we ought in all reason to judge, that the Soul was formed of an unmix'd and indivisible substance, that it might exist to all eternity. If strength and compactness lead to conclude, that the work of any inferior artisan will be durable, why should the same indications have less force in the works of the universal Architect?

The cessation of any percipient power in the Soul is no argument that it can be extinguished, but that it is obstructed by the disorder of that organ with which it operated: For still the conscious principle feels herself as much an entire being as before. Restore the circulation of blood to any part of a living frame, which for want of that circulation has been insensible, and, at the same time, you restore all the perceptions which it formerly convey'd. Couch an eye which has for some time been deprived of light, by a cataract,



raet, and immediately it recognises with transport all the beauties of the visible creation. Nay, such is the force of the mind, that without the assistance of those mediums, by which perceptions are conveyed to her; she often feels them as really, as when her senses are exercised in the object from which they generally arise. Whence it should follow, that those sensations are not necessarily connected with the external things which generally excite them: And this will ascertain the existence of mind to be more real, at least with regard to us, than that of matter. For some of those impressions are not representations of any thing real in external objects; and those which seem to have most reality in them are, in all probability, differently felt by different perceiving beings. Now, if all the evidence we have for the existence of material substances be our perceptions of their qualities; if those are different in different beings, or in the same at different times, and if they likewise are felt in the absence of those things which most frequently cause them, the reality of the qualities themselves must be (a) doubtful; and the reality of those substances, whose existence is inferred from them, is still more uncertain: But the reality of our own perceptions is such as renders the mind incapable of all hesitation: And if these perceptions are really qualities or modes of being, they must exist in some subject. But not to insist on this, it may as well be said, that the power of perceiving by the eye is dependant on a microscope, as on the eye itself; for both are mere mediums, and widely different from the perceiving object. Thus, if the powers of sensation themselves may subsist independent of their material instruments, much less are the powers of reflection and judgment con-

(a) See Bishop Berkley's *Dialogues*.



connected with matter; and much more frequently found to operate without it. Such as are conscious that the mind always thinks in a series, of which every idea depends some way on another; such as are sensible how easily impressions, received when the mind is fully awake and active, are lost; such as have entirely forgot ideas, of which they afterwards obtain faint recollections: And, lastly, such as have seen scenes transacted, and conversations held, by persons asleep, who have no remembrance of them when awake, will be cautious of asserting, that the Soul ever ceases to think.

They who cannot conceive what is the substance of the Soul out of the body, will do well to inform us what this substance is while involved in it: Nay more, what is this indissoluble charm, which unites the qualities of the body, their favourite existence: 'Till this discovery is made, 'twill be decent to suppress their wonder, when they see people believe an existence which they do not understand.

To pretend that the existence of the Soul is dependent on matter, is to oppose one of the strongest and earliest dictates of nature, which informs the mind that she is not only distinct from all other matter, but even from that system which she calls her own body: Nor can she forbear to think that its parts, however intimately connected with her, are mere instruments to execute her volitions, and implicit subjects of her government. She perceives that they administer pleasure and pain to her; and are consequently something totally different from her.

Our sensations may be divided into three kinds, some of which are by the mind naturally referred to distant objects, and seem representative of something in them; others are more immediately attributed to our own bodies, and those parts



parts of them which are in immediate contact with objects : A third kind are the reflex perceptions of the mind itself and its qualities. The first two necessarily imply the ideas of place and extension ; the third is pure, indivisible, and uncompounded ; such are the ideas of generosity, magnanimity, temperance, &c. Now, if we only judge of unknown natures by their qualities, nothing appears more foreign to matter or divisibility than those just mentioned.

That the Soul is not material, we may justly conclude from the operations of memory (a) ; nor will all the traces, with which *Descartes* so ingeniously impress'd the brain, account for the extent and promptitude of this surprising faculty. For if the capacity of the mind to retain impressions were like that of a vessel, and if the ideas stored there were material, what an immense vacuity must it require to hold so vast a number ? Or if they were impressed, as with a seal, upon any surface, how prodigious an expanse would be found necessary to contain them ? And what forms could we assign to things which never enter into the mind as possess'd of any ?

If we survey the reasoning faculty (b), it will afford us the same conviction ; for if it be material, then abstract truths and motives of every kind, in order to have any effect upon it, must influence it physically : But one must be an obstinate materialist indeed to imagine this.

All the inventive powers of the mind (c) conspire to proclaim her infinitely different in nature, and superior in dignity to all matter. Were mankind joined in society ; was life polished and cultivated ; were the sciences and arts not

(a) From memory.

(b) From reason.

(c) From imagination.



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only of utility, but elegance, produced by matter? by a brute mass? A substance so contrary to all activity and intelligence, that it seems the work of an omnipotent hand alone to connect them. What judgment shall we form of that principle which informed and enlightened a *Galileo*, a *Copernicus*, or a *Newton*? What inspiration taught them to place the sun in the centre of his system, and assign the various orbs their revolutions round him; reducing motions, so diverse and unequal, to uniform and simple laws? Was it not something like that great eternal mind, which first gave existence to those luminous orbs, and prescribed each of them their province? Whence the infinite harmony and variety of sounds, the copious flow of eloquence, the bolder graces and more inspired elevations of poetry; but from a mind, an immaterial being, the reflected image of her all-perfect CREATOR, in whom eternally dwells all beauty and excellence? Were man only endued with a principle of vegetation, fixed to one peculiar spot, and insensible of all that passed around him; we might then with some colour suppose that energy, if it may be so called, perishable. Were he, like animals, possessed of mere vitability, and qualified only to move and feel, still we might have some reason to fear, that in some future period of duration our CREATOR might resume his gift of existence. But can any one, who pretends to the least reflection, imagine that such a being as the human Soul, adorned with such extensive intellectual powers, will ever cease to be the object of that love and care, which eternally holds the universe in its embrace? Did she obtain such a boundless understanding, merely to taste the pleasure of exercising it? to catch a transient glance of its objects, and perish? Form'd as she is to operate on herself,  
and



and all things round her, must she cease from action, while yet the mighty task is scarce begun? Must she lose those faculties by which she retains the past, comprehends the present, and presages the future? Must she contemplate no more those bright impressions of divinity which are discovered in the material world; nor those stronger and more animated features of the same eternal beauty, which shine in her own godlike form? And must she be for ever absorbed in the womb of unessential nothing? Strange, that in the view, and even in the arms, of infinite power and goodness, a dawn so fair and promising should at once be clouded with all the horrors of eternal night? Such a supposition would be contrary to the whole conduct and laws of nature. That insatiable desire of good (*a*), which scorns every possession already in our power, and ever pants for untasted delights, is likewise a strong argument of the Immortality of the Soul.

————— (*b*) “ For from the birth  
 “ Of mortal men, the sov’ reign Maker said,  
 “ That not in humble, or in brief delight,  
 “ Not in the fading echoes of renown,  
 “ Pow’r’s purple robes, or pleasure’s flow’ry lap,  
 “ The Soul should find enjoyment: but from these  
 “ Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 “ Thro’ all the ascent of things enlarge her view;  
 “ Till every bound at length shall disappear,  
 “ And infinite perfection close the scene.”

It is not to be thought, that the great Author of the human constitution would kindle and enlarge the desires of his

(*a*) From a desire of future enjoyment.

(*b*) Pleasures of imagination.



creatures so far beyond the proportion of any sublunary good, with any other view than to give their expectations a nobler aim; and to teach them, that they were formed for eternity and unbounded perfection.

But of all those passions which regard only selfish enjoyment none better deserves our attention than the love of fame (a); as it really seems to imply a tacit determination of nature in favour of Immortality. For why do such numbers of men, without cessation or intermission, exert all their powers of Soul and body, negligent of the pleasures of life, and inattentive to the strongest importunities of natural appetite, for a pleasure, which, if they taste at all in this world, they can never hope to enjoy in its perfection? Why is it that the most distant prospect of losing fame, even thro' infinite duration, would relax their most earnest endeavours, and at once deject all the ardour and spirit which they express'd before? What can all this be but an information from God to the Soul, intimately and perpetually felt, that her relation to other existences, and consequently her own existence, must be eternal? Nor can even imagination assign a final period to either: Otherwise to desire fame beyond this life, would be to desire what we never can enjoy; and to be afraid of losing it, would be to fear a want which we never can feel.

This anticipation of a future state, which the love of fame is said to imply, has prevailed from the earliest antiquity; as may be fairly deduced from their funeral ceremonies, deifications, and other rites (b). Nations the most distant and removed from mutual communications have acknowledged it.

(a) From love of fame.

(b) See Sir William Temple on *Heroic Virtue*.

Whoever



Whoever will take a view of the history of mankind, may easily see that those minds which have most invariably followed nature, and consecrated themselves to virtue, have been proportionally impressed and animated by expectations far beyond this transitory scene. And as this desire of Immortality seems interwoven with our being, so the horror of annihilation is equally strong, and equally inseparable from it. These preconceptions of the Soul's innate dignity, these intimations of eternal being, so deeply engraved, and so universally acknowledged; what are they but the diffusive influence of that cause, which contains, pervades, and actuates this mighty whole? The voice of GOD, which (rather felt than heard), informs us what we are? And can it be thought that the original source of all wisdom and benevolence would ever give his intellectual creatures reason to expect what he never intended to perform? If we cannot imagine that God, whose love of his works is eternal and supreme, would, without some reason of the highest importance, discontinue the happiness of any being; much less probable is it, that he will flatter us with hopes which are never to be accomplished.

If the continuance of our being must be circumscribed to this short life, why all this apparatus of nature to interest the Soul in futurity? Why has she made every natural taste an instrument to heighten and confirm our relation to eternity? Those who are enamoured of beauty, whether as she shines in the august and various fabric of the universe, or as she appears in compositions of art, shew by every desire and effort of their minds, how strongly they are impress'd, and how deeply interested in notions of endless being.

But if we add to this the force of the social affections (a), our argument will acquire still greater strength; for by them

(a) From the social affections.



our whole Souls are engaged to procure and ascertain, whatever our own taste determines to be good for our friends, our country, and mankind; not only during our own lives, but for ages to come, and for posterity in infinite descent. Why else are we solicitous to project and pursue plans so widely disproportioned to the utmost extent of natural life, that they seem to comprehend almost eternity? Why do we plant trees to bring forth fruit for generations unborn, and build houses whose magnificence we can never hope to survey, if not from a consciousness that others shall enjoy them, and that we ourselves shall still be capable of the pleasure arising from that consciousness? This same principle animates the nobler enterprises of the hero and legislator. But those affections viewed in another light, are not less expressive of the excellency and immortal nature of the Soul: For the desires which arise from the animal oeconomy of our nature are never more extensive, nor more durable, than the relations themselves. To sensual appetites, which first engage the mind, succeed other affections more intense, more refined, and more essential to mental nature. These are so far from languishing by repeated gratifications, or being capable of extinction, like the former; that they continue uninterrupted, and gradually open, till they extend beyond all limits. Whence it would appear, since nature never acts in vain, that as the more limited desires either cease or operate with less violence, according to the relations established by nature between ourselves and the objects to which they attach us; so those affections of a more extensive kind, will be equally durable with the objects to which they are related. And thus to suppose any time when we shall be incapable of exercising those desires, would be to suppose neither God nor the universe existent. But if in this life our views of the  
grand



grand objects for which these affections seem formed, are but remote and confused; it is still more probable that, in some future period, we shall be admitted into a nearer and more intimate communication with them. For God by whom these unwearied propensities were kindled, and towards whom they tend, is himself essential, unmixed, inextinguishable love.

If we compare the character of God (*a*), as a wise superintendant and generous benefactor of nature, with the state in which things at present appear; where virtue is often depressed and afflicted, and vice apparently triumphs; it will seem highly inconsistent, that in no future scene, vice should be treated with the punishment and infamy it merits, and virtue receive that happiness and honour, which from its own intrinsic worth, it deserves, and from its conformity to the nature of God, it has reason to expect.

'Tis true, this subject has been too much exaggerated; and (*b*) some pious men have weakly thought, the best way to convince us, that order and happiness prevailed in a future state, was to persuade us, that there was none at all in this. External advantages have been taken for the only goods of human nature; and because in this view all things took the appearance of mal-administration, we have been taught to expect a government of rectitude and benevolence hereafter. Let us on the contrary candidly own, that virtue is sovereignly and solely good; least by depreciating her charms, we obliquely detract from the character of God himself. Let us confess her undowered excellence superior to all the inconveniences that may attend her even in the present situation. But without allowing some difference between poverty

(*a*) From the goodness and wisdom of God.

(*b*) Shaftsbury.



and riches, sickness and health, pain and pleasure, &c. we shall have no foundation for preference; and it will be in vain to talk of selecting (a) and rejecting, where no one choice can be more agreeable or disagreeable to nature than another. Upon this difference therefore, however it be called, let the present argument proceed.

If infinite goodness be the spirit and characteristic of the universal government, then every advantage, however inconsiderable in kind or degree, must either be supposed immediately bestowed on virtue; or at least that such retributions will at some time be made her, as may not only render her votaries equal but superior to those of vice, in proportion to their merit. But how different the case is in human life, history and observation may easily convince us: So that one, whose eyes are not intent on the character of God, and the nature of virtue, would often be tempted to think this world a theatre merely intended for mournful spectacles, and pomps of horror: How many persons do we see perish by the mere wants of nature, who (had they been in different circumstances) would have thanked God with tears of joy for the power of communicating those advantages, which they now implore from others in vain? while, at the same time, they have perhaps the additional misery of seeing their most endeared relations involved in the same deplorable fate! How often do we see those ties which unite the Soul and body, worn out by the gradual advances of a lingering disease, or burst at once by the sudden efforts of unutterable agony? while the unhappy sufferers, had they been continued in life, might have diffused happiness, not only through the narrow circle of their friends and neighbourhood, but as extensively as their country, and even the world itself. How many

(a) See Harris's *Essays*.



names do we see buried in obscurity, or soiled with detraction, which ought to have shone the first in fame? How many heroes have survived the liberties of their country, or died in abortive attempts to preserve them; and, by their fall, only left a larger field for the lawless ravage of tyranny and oppression?

But were it possible, how long and insuperable would be the task to enumerate all the ingredients which compose the present cup of bitterness? And is this the consummation of things? Will the supreme and essential goodness no way distinguish such as have invariably pursued his honour, and the interest of his government, from those who have industriously violated the order he has appointed in things? who have blotted the face of nature with havock, murder, and desolation; and shewn a constant intention to counteract all the benevolent designs of Providence? It is confess'd that the virtuous, happy in the possession of virtue alone, make their exit from the present scene with blessings to the CREATOR, for having called them to existence, and given them the glorious opportunity of enjoying what is in itself supremely eligible: They are conscious that this felicity can receive no accession from any external lustre or advantage whatever. Yet it seems highly necessary in the divine administration, that those who have been dazzled with the false glare of prosperous wickedness, should at last be undeceived; that they should at last behold virtue conspicuous in all her native splendor and majesty, as she shines the chief delight of God, and ultimate happiness of all intelligent nature.



## CONCLUSION.

**T**O feel in some measure the force of what has been said, let us suppose a father possessed of the most exquisite tenderness for his son, delighted with his similarity of form, his promising constitution, his strength, gracefulness, and agility, his undisguised emotions of filial affection, with the various presages of a superior genius and understanding. Let us likewise suppose this father pleased with the employment of improving his faculties, and inspiring him with future hopes of happiness and dignity: But that he may give him a quicker sensibility to the misfortunes of others, and a more unshaken fortitude to sustain his own, he often prefers younger brethren, and even strangers to those advantages, which otherwise merit, and the force of nature, would determine him to bestow on so worthy an offspring. Let us go further, and imagine, if we can, that this father, without the least diminution of tenderness, or any other apparent reason, destroys his son in the bloom of life, and height of expectation: Who would not lament the fate of such a youth with inconsolable tears? doom'd never more to behold the agreeable light of Heaven! never more to display his personal graces, nor exercise his manly powers, never more to feel his heart warmed with benevolent regards, nor taste the Soul's transporting pleasure of obliging and being obliged! Blotted at once from existence, and the fair creation, he sinks in silence and oblivion; with all his sublime hopes disappointed, all his immense desires ungratified, and all his intellectual faculties unimproved! Without mentioning the instinctive horror which must attend such an action, how absurd to reason, and how inconsistent with the common feelings of humanity, would it be, to suppose a father capable of such a deed.

Forbid



Forbid it GOD, forbid it nature, that we should impute to the munificent Father of being and happiness, what, even in the lowest of rational creatures, would be monstrous and detestable!

Thus having found, that the duration and importance of our existence is not confined to such momentary objects, nor so narrow a sphere as the present, 'tis natural and becoming to pause here, to survey the high destiny of our nature, and the influence it ought to have on life. Are we then intended for actors in the grand drama of eternity? are we candidates for the plaudit of the rational creation? are we formed to participate the supreme beatitude in communicating happiness? are we destined to co-operate with GOD in advancing the order and perfection of his works? how sublime a creature then is man? how infinitely ought he to rise above all the vain attachments and contaminating pleasures of his present state? how steadily ought his attention to be fixed on that grand period, which shall dismiss him to the regions of intellectual light and benevolence! With what assiduity and ardour ought he to form his relish and constitution for enjoyments so exquisite and durable?

The whole life of a philosopher ought to be one contemplation on death. Why else are we exhorted to retire from the body, from the pleasures of sense, and the hurry of the world, but to render the Soul independent of them; to recollect her within herself, to purge the mental sight from all the dimness contracted in its present dark abode, and to prepare it for the fuller, purer irradiations of eternal truth and beauty? Thus, by degrees, we emancipate the Soul from all material connections; by thus gradually dying, she contracts a habit; Death grows more familiarly intimate to her, and when she leaves the body, she disengages herself with ease and



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and freedom. Otherwise its appetites and habits will twist themselves, like adamant chains around her essence, and render her utterly incapable of tasting those nobler pleasures, for which her CREATOR in the formation of her being intended her. Let us then reverence ourselves, nor stoop to any thing below the glorious pursuits for which we are created; lest to our other crimes we add sacrilege, and violate that Divine Power within us.

*Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo.*



### N O T E S.

1. **T**O this the polypus is objected; but it must either be said, that matter is capable of self-motion and consciousness, or that a new Soul is created for each divided animal; which, of the two, is surely the most probable.

If the conclusion, that the Soul is immaterial be true, it is the shortest way of dispatching those opinions of its being blood, fire, air intensely heated, harmony, &c. See *Cic. Tusc. Quest.*

2. The acknowledgement in very distant regions is elegantly expressed by Mr. Pope, thus:

“ See the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind  
“ Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:  
“ His Soul proud science never taught to stray  
“ Beyond the solar walk, or milky way;  
“ Yet simple nature to his hopes has giv'n,  
“ Behind the cloud-top'd hill, an humbler Heav'n.”

And by *Lucan*, in the following manner, in his description of the *Gauls*.

————— *Inde ruendi*  
*In ferrum mens prona viris, animaeque capaces*  
*Mortis; et ignavum est rediturae parcere vitae.*

By this inspir'd, a Soul the warriors boast  
To scorn the horrors of the *Stygian* coast;  
Fir'd with the prospect of a future state,  
Prone on the sword they rush, and court their fate:  
And fix a coward's infamy his doom,  
Who spares a life, he must so soon resume.

F I N I S.